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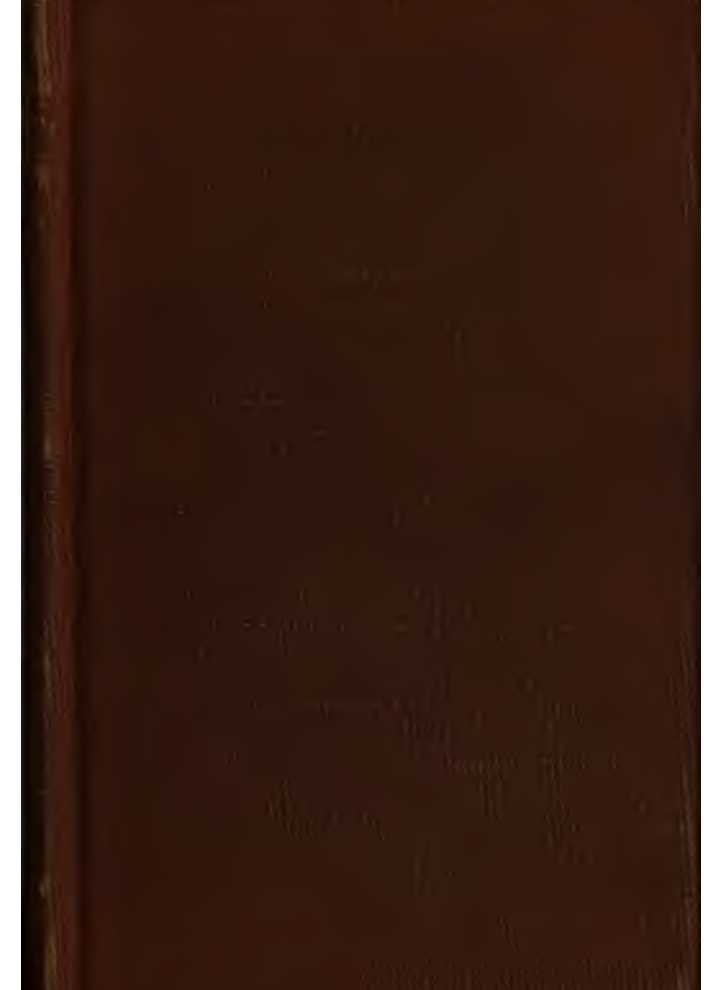
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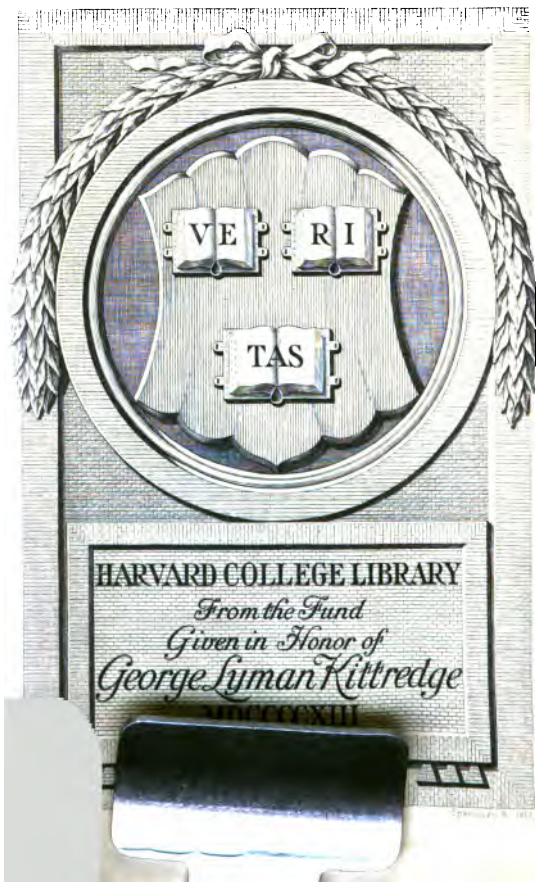
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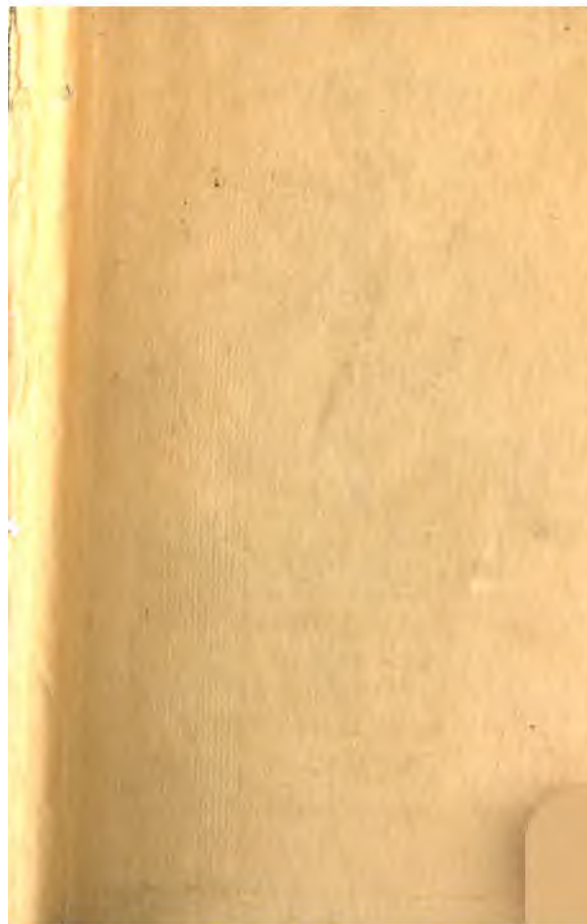
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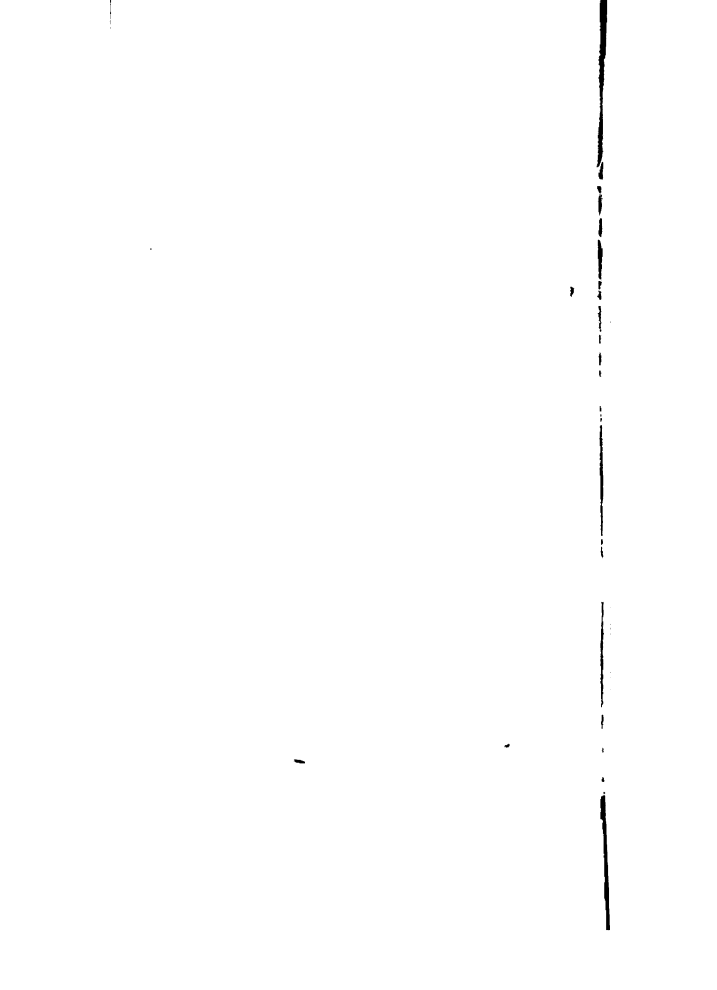
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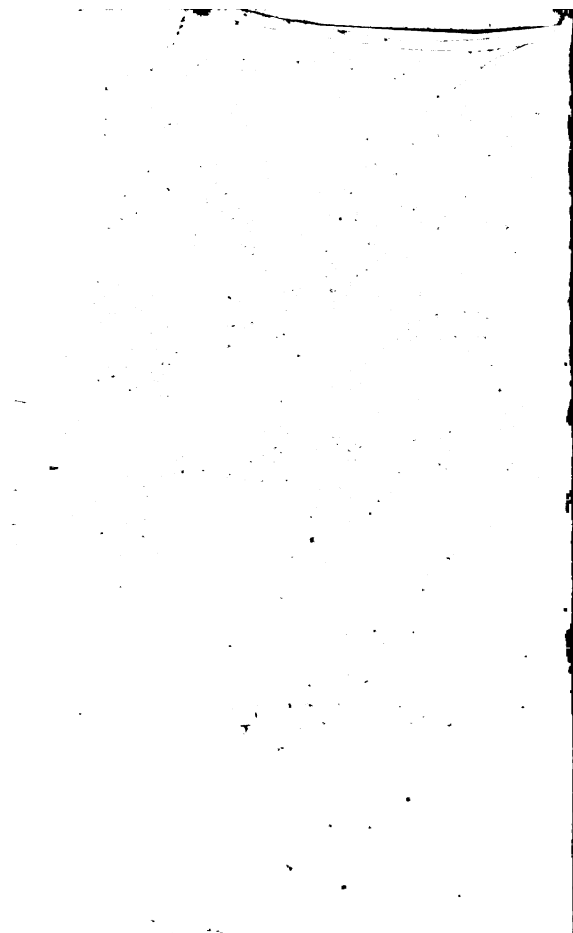


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THE

3
AMERICAN MINSTREL:

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR

SONGS, GLEES, DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

MANY OF WHICH ARE

ORIGINAL.

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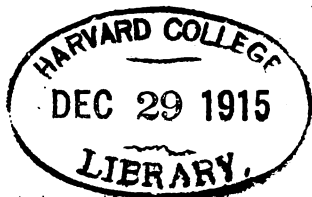
CINCINNATI:

STEREOTYPED AND PUBLISHED

BY J. A. JAMES AND CO.

1837

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Kittredge fund

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31-65

2

P R E F A C E .

IN preparing the American Minstrel for the press, no expense or trouble has been spared to render it acceptable to all lovers of song; and it is believed that it will be found, on examination, to be superior to any work of the kind that has hitherto been offered to the American Public.

The Music has been selected and arranged from a very extensive assortment of the best and most popular song tunes, by a gentleman of acknowledged musical taste and abilities, many of which are now, for the first time, published in this form.

In this collection will be found many songs that have never before been presented to the public, several of which were written expressly for this work, together with most of the pop-

ular and favorite airs of Messrs. Sloman, Cowell, Wood, Sinclair, Phillips, Simpson, Keene, Matthews, Pearman, Eberle and Drake : Mesdames Knight, Feron, Austin, French, Wood, Barnes and Pearman : Misses Petrie, Kelly, Rock, Stephens, Clara Fisher, George, Jefferson, and other celebrated vocalists.

It is apprehended that nothing will be found in this volume which can either directly or indirectly offend even the most fastidious.

Cincinnati, June, 1836.

THE
AMERICAN MINSTREL.

Auld Lang Syne,

Andante.



Oh! years have flown since first we met, And



sorrows have been mine, And oft I've tho't with



fond regret, On auld lang - - syne.



On auld lang syne, my dear, On auld lang



syne, And oft I've sho't with fond regret, On auld lang syne.

Thy proffer'd friendship cheer'd my heart,
 I frankly gave thee mine;
 When thou wert near I ceased to weep,
 For auld lang syne, &c.

I felt while to thy bosom press'd
 That greater bliss was mine,
 Than e'er my youthful heart had known,
 For auld lang syne, &c.

But fortune points thy path of life,
 Far, far away from mine;
 This hour may be, when next we meet,
 An auld lang syne, &c.

Then fare-thee-well, if thou art blest,
 Thy friend will not repine,
 But sometimes give a kindly thought,
 To auld lang syne, &c.

A Boat, a Boat.—A Catch.

1

A . | boat, a | boat, to | cross the | fer - ry,

2

For | we are | go - ing | to be | mer - ry.

3

To laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry.

Now we are met.—A Catch.

Allegro.

1 

Now we are met, let | mirth a - bound, |

2 

And let the catch | and let the catch |

3 

And glee go | round, and glee go |

 2

Now we are met, let | mirth a - bound,

 3

And let the catch and glee - - - go round!

 1

round, let the catch and | glee go round!

Begone Dull Care!

FOR TWO VOICES.

AIR. *Allargretto.*

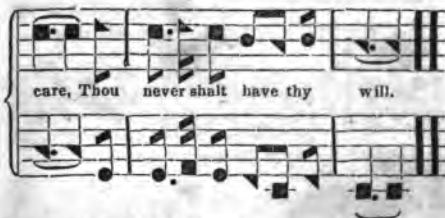
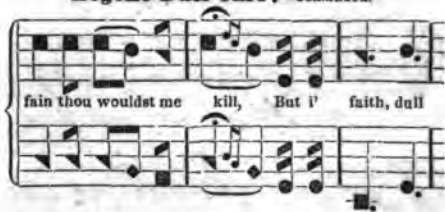
Begone dull care! I prithee begone from

SECOND.

me, Begone dull care! Thou and I shall never a-

gree. Long time hast thou been tarrying here, And

()

Begone Dull Care!—Concluded.

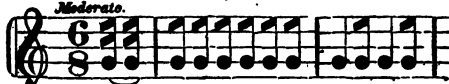
'Too much care will make a young man look grey ;
And too much care will turn an old man into clay.

My wife will dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day ;
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away.

Bright be thy Dreams. —

Bright be thy dreams, may all thy weeping,
Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping.

Those, by death or seas remov'd,
Friends, who in thy spring time knew thee,
All thou'st ever priz'd or lov'd,
In dreams come smiling to thee.

The Mistletoe Bough.*Moderato.*

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall. The
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay, And



holly branch shone on the old oak wall, } The baron be-
keeping their Christmas holiday;



held with a father's pride, His beautiful child, young Lovell's



bride, While she with her bright eyes seem'd be The star of that



goodly com - pa - ny. Oh! the mis - le - toe



bough! Oh! the mis - le - toe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide :
And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, "oh where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

Oh, the misletoe bough :

They sought her that night and they sought her next
day,

And they so't her in vain, when a week pass'd away :
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not,
And years flew by ; and their grief, at last,
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
"See the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

Oh, the misletoe bough :

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair ;
Oh, sad was her fate : in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest ;
It closed with a spring :—and her bridal bloom,
Lay withering there in a lonely tomb !

Oh, the misletoe bough.

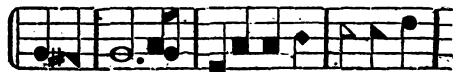
The bliss of Heaven.

Go wing thy way from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of Heaven is worth them all !

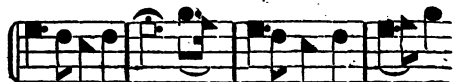
John Anderson.



John Anderson my Jo, John, When we were



first a - quent, Your locks were like the raven, Your



bonnie brow was bent! But now your head's turn'd bald, John.



Your locks are like the snow, Yet blessings on your



fros - ty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

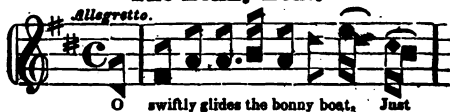
John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 When nature first began
 To try her cannie hand, John,
 Her master-work was man:
 And you among them a', John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She proved to be nae journey-wark,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that ye have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had with ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

The Bonny Boat.



Rocks lightly - on the tide; And happy prove



our daily lot Up - - on the summer sea, And



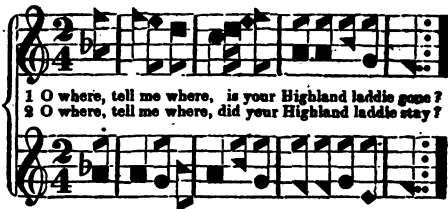
blest on land, our kindly cot, Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The witch may weave her charm,
 But water sprite nor eldrich thing
 The bonny boat can harm;
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Through many a stormy gale,
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.
 We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

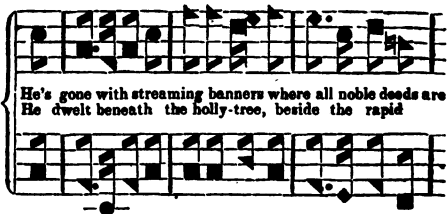
Sleep, gentle Lady.

Sleep gentle lady, the flowers are closing,
 The very winds and waves reposing,
 O may our soft and soothing numbers;
 Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers.
 Peace be around thee, lady bright,
 Sleep while we sing, good night, good night.

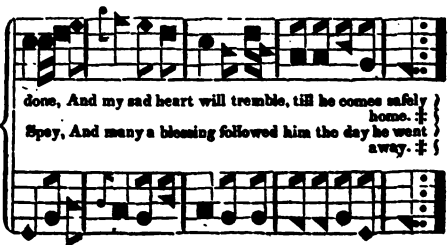
Highland Laddie.

Andante. FOR TWO VOICES.


1 O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
2 O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?

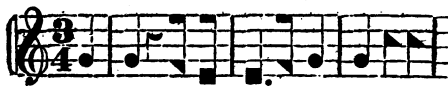


He's gone with streaming banners where all noble deeds are
He dwelt beneath the holly-tree, beside the rapid

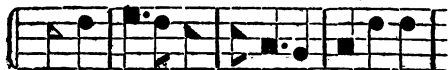


done, And my sad heart will tremble, till he comes safely }
home. ‡ }
Spy, And many a blessing followed him the day he went }
away. ‡ }

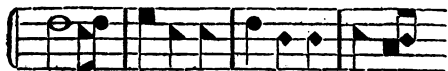
Sandy and Jenny.



Come, come, bonnie lassie, cry'd Sandy a-



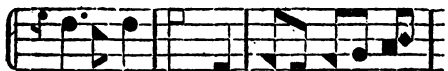
wa', Whilst mither is spinning, and father's a-



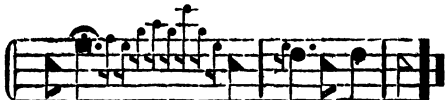
fa', The folks are at work, and the bairns are



at play, And we will be married, dear



Jenny to - day, And we will be



married dear Jenny to - day.

Stay, stay, bonnie Laddie, then cried I with speed,
I wa'na, I ma'na, go with you indeed ;
Besides, should I do so, what would the folks say !
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list, bonnie Lassie, and mind what you do,
For Peggy and Patty I gave up for you ;
Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to-day,

Fie, fie bonnie Laddie, then cried I again,
For Peggy you kiss'd 'tother day on the plain ;
Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,
And we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

O, then, a good-bye, bonnie Lassie, cried he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me ;
The kirk is hard by, and the bell calls away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.

Stay, stay, bonnie Laddie, cried I with a smile,
For know I was jesting, indeed, all the while ;
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

Away, my gallant Page, away !

Away ! my gallant page, away !
The clarion sounds afar ;
I see the victor's proud array,
Returning from the war.
The heroes throng the shining strand,
Thy valiant lord is there ;
And thou shalt from his lady's hand,
The promis'd greeting bear :
Then gallop away, my young and brave,
The welcome call obey,
And merrily speed thy eager steed,
My gallant boy, away !

Bonnie Douu.

TWO VOICES.

Andante.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Douu, How can

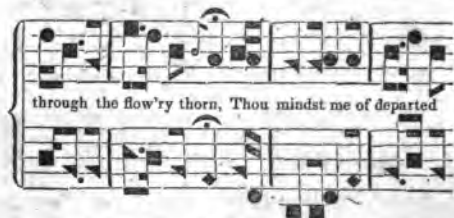
The first system of musical notation for 'Bonnie Douu'. It consists of two staves, both in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics 'Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Douu, How can' are written below the staves.

ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt ye

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt ye' are written below the staves.

lit - tle birds, And I sae weary fu' of care?

The third system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'lit - tle birds, And I sae weary fu' of care?' are written below the staves.

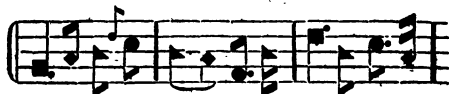


Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doun,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;
 Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Banks of Allan water.



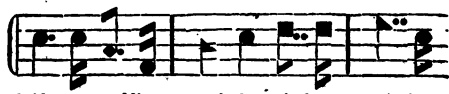
On the banks of Al - lan wa - ter, When the



sweet spring time did fall; Was the Mil - ler's lovely



daughter, Fairest of them all. For his



bride a soldier sought her, And a winning



tongue had he, On the banks of Al - lan



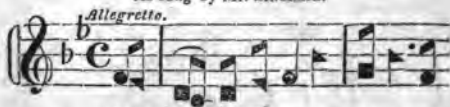
wa - ter, None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When brown autumn spread its store,
 There I saw the Miller's daughter,
 But she smiled no more.
 For the summer, grief had brought her,
 And the soldier false was he;
 On the banks of Allan water,
 None was sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When the winter's snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the Miller's daughter,
 Chilling blew the blast!
 But the Miller's lovely daughter,
 Both from cold and care was free;
 On the banks of Allan water,
 There a corse lay she.

Spring time of year is coming.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.



The spring - time of year is coming, com -

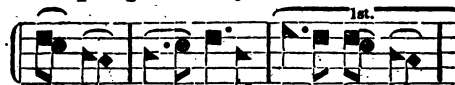


ing, Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay;

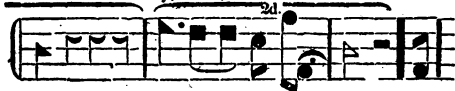


In - sects bright are humming, humming, And all the

Spring time of year.—Concluded.



world is May, love, And all the world is

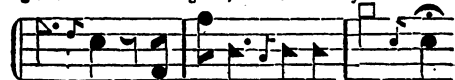


May,

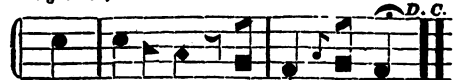
Tho



glorious sun is brighter, Tho balmy air is



light - er; E'en woman when we meet her



In this sweet time, is sweet - er.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
 With fragrance from the balmy grove,
 And youthful swains are telling, telling,
 Their happy tales of love, love,
 Their happy tales of love.

Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,
 Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill,
 Each maiden hastes her love to meet,
 With hope and joy his heart to fill.
 The spring time, &c.

Home! sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet home! there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet home! there's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

O, 'tis Love, 'tis Love.

As sung by Mr. PHILLIPS.

O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
From woman's bright eye glancing;
O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Every heart entrancing.
What claims the monarch's duty?
What soothes the peasant's pain?
What melts the haughty beauty,
And conquers her disdain?
O, 'tis love, &c.

O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
The warrior doth inspire;
O 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
That kindles soft desire.
On rocks or lonely mountains,
In palaces or vales,
In gay saloons near fountains,
'Tis love alone prevails.
O, 'tis love, &c.

The Dashing White Sergeant.

As sung by Miss STEPHENS.

If I had a beau,
For a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say no?
No, no, not I!
When his red coat I saw,
Not a sigh would I draw,
But I'd give him "eclat" for his bravery!
If an army of amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away,
March away.

When my soldier was gone,
D'ye think I'd take on,
Sit moping forlorn?
No, no, not I!
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return crown'd with victory!
If an army of amazons, &c.

I've been Roaming.

As sung by Madame VESTRIS and Miss L. GILLINGHAM.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
O'er the rose and lily fair,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With the blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the honey-suckle creeps,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Over hill and over plain,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bower back again.

Life let us cherish.

Life let us cherish,
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care ;
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way ?

Life let us cherish, &c.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles adown the west.

Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, e'er we quit this shore,
Contentment seek ; it is life's rest,
The sunshine of the breast.

Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear ;
With manful hearts life's conflicts meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.

Life let us cherish, &c.

Hey the bonnie Breast-knots.

As sung by Miss GEORGE.

Héy the bonnie, ho the bonnie, hey the bonnie
breast-knots,
Blythe and merry were they a', when they put on
the breast-knots.
There was a bridal in this town, and fill't the lasses
a' were boun,
Wi' mankie facings on their gowns, and some of
them had breast-knots ;
Singing, hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie, hey the
bonnie breast-knots,
Blythe and merry wer they a', when they put on
the breast-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene, some clad in blue,
some clad in green,
Wi' shennen' buckles on their sheen, and flow'rs
upon their waistcoats ;
Out came the wives a' wi' a phrase, and wished the
lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they o' her claes, especially the
breast-knots ;
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

The bride she was baith young and fair, her neck
outshone her perlins rare,
A satin snood bound up her hair, and flow'rs among
the breast-knots.
The bridegroom gazed, but maist, I ween, he prized
the glance o' love's blue een,
That made him proud o' his sweet Jean, when she
got on her breast-knots ;
Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove.

As sung by Mr. BRAHAM, in the Opera of Guy Mannering.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie O,
Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie O,
Where the rose in all its pride,
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty water-fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie O,
Where so oft, beneath its shade, bonnie lassie O,
With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie O.

But I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie O,
To the fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie O,
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant-scented brier,
Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie O,
On thy lover, at this hour, bonnie lassie O,
E'er the golden orb of day
Wakes the warbler from the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie O,
Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie O?

Stop Thief, or the Stolen Heart.

As sung by Miss C. FISHER.

Stop thief, stop thief, my heart is gone astray,
And I think I descry,
In yon fair lady's eye,
The delinquent who stole it away ;
When it left its own breast,
It was clad in a vest
Of true love, unsullied and bright,
And naught from its home
Could induce it to roam,
But the luster of loveliest light.
Stop thief, stop thief, my heart is gone astray,
And I think I descry,
In yon fair lady's eye,
The delinquent who stole it away.

Stop thief, return my heart, I pray,
I would willingly give,
And pray how can I live,
If my heart be thus stolen away :
Do but think of my love,
And the loss it would prove,
Then restore it—and yet 'twere in vain ;
For it is my belief,
That each eye holds a thief,
That would steal it again and again.
Stop thief, &c.

Oh, no ! I'll never mention him.

As sung by Miss GEORGE.

Oh ! no, I'll never mention him,
His name is never heard ;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word ;

From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek, in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valleys where we met;
I do not see that hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget?

They tell me he is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets his vow;
But heed not what they say;
Like me, perhaps, he struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if he loves as I have lov'd,
He never can forget.

Let this brow, on thy bosom reclining.

Let this brow, on thy bosom reclining,
Cease to ponder on pageants gone by;
Let these eyes, dimm'd with fruitless repining,
Dwell no longer on life's darken'd sky.
For where else may these temples, reposing,
But on that couch of peace, slumber free;
And where else may these swollen eyelids, closing,
Safely rest, but, dear woman, with thee?

Yet when fate steals thee hence for our chast'ning,
Adding griefs to be baffled alone,

O'er the world's weary waste then, while hast'ning,
What shall soothe us like loveliness gone ?
Lo ! a bed 'neath the turf is preparing,
To its bosom the wanderer shall flee :
For with woman no longer life sharing,
Where, O grave ! shall we rest, but with thee ?

The Carrier Pigeon.

As sung by Mrs. HOLMAN.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air ;
Who bearest the sighs of a lover,
And bringest him news of his fair .
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck ;
Oh ! perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine,
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleetest when nerv'd by the vine.
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing quill a soft billetdoux ;
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the color of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck,
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck :
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeing,
Like an arrow he hurries away,
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

All hail to the Brave and Free.

As sung by Miss CLARA FISHER.

All hail to the brave and free,
On land or on rolling sea,
Whose hosts advance, with sword and lance,
In the cause of liberty.
And whether in triumph's car,
They follow vict'ry's star,
Or patriots fall 'neath glory's pall,
They still are the pride of the war.
Then hail to the brave and free,
On land or on rolling sea,
Whose hosts advance, with sword and lance,
In the cause of liberty.

Oh, who on the rolls of fame,
Shall boast the highest name !
Or who shall bear, from woman fair,
Those smiles which the world would claim ?
For whom shall the song arise,
Which a people send the skies ?
For whom shall bloom, on the battle tomb
The laurel which never dies ?
Oh, none but the brave and free,
On land, &c.

Then raise our flag on high,
A meteor 'gainst the sky ;
With rolling drum, we'll proudly come,
To guard it, or to die.
Firm place the lance in rest,
Against a faithful breast ;
The trumpets call, obey we all,
And valor shall do the best.
And then with the brave and free,
On land, &c.

Wha'll be King but Charlie.

As sung by Mr. KEENE.

The news frae Moidart cam yestreen,
Wull sune gar mony farlie,
For ship o' war ha'e just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, around him gather,
Ye're all the welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' all your kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie.
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu' lawfu' king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie.

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Ha'e to a man resolv'd to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, ha'e
Declared for Scotia's king and law,
And speir ye wha but Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

There's no lass in a' the land,
But vows, baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early,
His very name our heart's bluid warms—
To arms for Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Kelvin Grove.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonny laddie, O,
The sweet scene of early love, bonny laddie, O,
Farewell to cot and mill, farewell to dell and hill;
We'll fondly gaze adieu, bonny laddie, O.

Hark! the drums to arms beat, bonny laddie, O,
Let us march, our foes to meet, bonny laddie, O,
When in the battle field, love's guardian angel shield,
And my prayer shall be for thee, bonny laddie, O.

If thou'rt wounded in the strife, bonny laddie, O,
I will cheer and guard thy life, bonny laddie, O,
Amid dread war's alarms, thy pillow be my arms,
Till health again restore my dear bonny laddie, O.

When peace shall bless our shore, bonny laddie, O,
To our native hills once more, bonny laddie, O,
With little cot and mill, beside the fall and hill,
And Scotland's sons shall hail my bonny laddie, O.

They're a' noddin.

As sung by Mrs. AUSTIN.

And they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
And they're a' noddin, at our house at hame;
The cats lo'e milk and the dogs lo'e broo,
The lads lo'e lasses and the lasses lo'e lads too;
And they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
And they're a' noddin, at our house at hame.

O they're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O they're a' noddin at our house at hame;
In comes old dame wi' a pan o' good broo,
The de'il take tak' ye a' for ye've been a noddin too;
And we're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin at our house at hame ;
An' how d'ye dame, and how d'ye thrive,
An' how many bairns ha' ye ? Lassie, I ha' five ;
And they're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin, at our house at hame ;
But the drums they beat, and the pipes they play,
And the fowlk are a' crazy for to march away ;
While we're a' noddin, &c.

O we're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
O we're a' noddin, at our house at hame,
My Jammie tarry not, when your country ca's,
For glory waits on him wha for Scotland fa's ;
While we're a' noddin, &c.

The Minute Gun at Sea.

Let him who sighs in sadness hear,
Rejoice and know a friend is near :
What heavenly sounds are those I hear—
What being comes the gloom to cheer !

When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his weary, weary post,
From thoughts of danger free ;
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,
The life-boat manned with a gallant, gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave ;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But oh ! what raptures fill each breast,
Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd :
Then landed safe, what joys to tell
Of all the dangers that befell ;
 Then is heard no more,
 By the watch on the shore,
 The minute gun at sea.

March to the Battle Field.

As sung by Mr. HORN.

March to the battle field ;
 The foe is now before us,
Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us ;
 The woes, the pains,
 The galling chains,
Which kept our spirits under,
 In proud disdain,
 We've broke again,
And tore each link asunder !
 March to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us,
Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.

Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader ?
Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her ?
 Our hallow'd cause,
 Our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant pow'r sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown
 Of bright renown,
Or die, our rights maintaining!
 March, &c.

The Campbells are comin.

As sung by Miss STEPHENS.

The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin
From bonny Loch Lomond.
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho.

The great Argyle he goes before,
He makes the guns and cannons roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum,
And banners waving in the sun.

The Campbells are comin, &c.

Wi' bonnet blue, auld Scotia's pride,
And braid claymore hung at their side,
Wi' plumes all nodding in the wind,
They ha'e no left a man behind.

The Campbells are comin, &c.

Hark! hark! the pibroch's sound I hear,
Now bonnie lassie dinna' fear;
'Tis honor calls, I must away,
Argyle's the word—and ours the day.

The Campbells are comin, &c.

The Minstrel's Return.

The minstrel's return'd from the war,
With spirits as buoyant as air;
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sings in the bower of his fair:
The noise of the battle is over,
The bugle no more calls to arms,
A soldier no more, but a lover,
I kneel to the power of thy charms!

Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty,
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

The minstrel his suit warmly prest,
She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head,
Till conquer'd, she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said :
"The bugle shall part us, love, never,
My bosom thy pillow shall be ;
Till death tears thee from me for ever,
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."

Sweet lady, dear lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty !
Though the helmet and banner are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.

But fame called the youth to the field,
His banner wav'd over his head ;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
But soon he laid low with the dead :
While she, o'er her young hero bending,
Receiv'd his expiring adieu :
"I die, while my country defending,
With my heart to my lady-love true."
"Oh ! death !" then she sigh'd, "I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty,
For the grave of my hero is mine,
He died true to love and to duty !"

Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
Oh ! the last ray of feeling and life must depart
E'er the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green :
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best ;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

My bonnie Lass, now turn to me.

As sung by Mr. PRABMAN.

My bonnie lass, now turn to me,
And give a smile to cheer me,
An honest heart I'll gie to thee,
For in truth I love thee dearly.
Come o'er the heather,
We'll trip together,
All in the morning early,
With heart and hand,
I'll by thee stand,
For in truth I love thee dearly.
Come o'er the heather,
We'll trip together,
For I heed neither mother,
Nor father, nor brother,
With heart and hand,
I'll by thee stand,
For in truth I love thee dearly.

There's many a lass I love full well,
And many who love me dearly,
But there's ne'er a one, except thyself,
That I e'er could love sincerely.
Come o'er the heather, &c.

Buy a Broom.

As sung by Miss C. FISHER.

From Teuschland I come, with my light wares all laden,
To dear sunny England, in summer's gay bloom,
Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty maiden,
Oh buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom;
Buy a broom, buy a broom, (*spoken*) "buy
broom,"
Oh buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom.

To brush away insects, that sometimes annoy you,
You'll find it quite handy to use night and day,
And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away?
Buy a broom, &c.

Ere winter comes on for sweet home soon departing,
My toils for your favor again I'll resume,
And while gratitude's tear from my eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in England, I cried "buy a
broom."

(*spoken.*) Yes, I shall go back to my own coun-
try, and tell them there, I sold all my wares in
England, singing,

O mein lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin,
O mein lieber Augustin, Alles 'ist weg,
Bock ist weg
Stock ist weg

Auch ich bin in dem drick
O mein lieber Augustin, Alles ist weg.

Oh, yes! we often mention her.

Oh, yes, we often mention her,
And breathe again her cherished name,
And though she new is far away,
She lives within my heart the same.
I think not of her loss with tears,
Nor nourish with a vain regret,
The memory of former years,
Although I *never* can forget!

I do not fly from scene to scene,
That thoughts of her may cherish'd be,
For she is still where'er I roam,
A solace and a joy to me
I stray where we have often stray'd,
And linger where we often met,
Without a thought of grief to shade;
Although I *never* can forget.

They tell me that contentment dwells
Within my calm and spotless breast,
And how can I unhappy be,
When she I love so well is blest?
She thinks no more on other days,
With sorrow or with vain regret,
Although, perchance like me, she says,
I *never, never* can forget.

Cushlamachree.

As sung by Signorina GARCIA.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the west, the world's Cushlamachree,

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitality, hearty and free ;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcom'd with Cushlama-
chree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree ;
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover,
The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee,
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing ;
May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

The Smile of Contentment and Love.

TUNE—"Kinloch of Kinloch."

Oh ! dear is my cottage, unclouded by sorrow
And sweet is the bower my Emeline wove ;
Ah ! nought from the gay or the wealthy I'd borrow,
While bless'd with the smile of contentment and love.

The mirth of my children, their playful caresses,
Unceasing delight to a parent must prove ;
Then talk not of him who more splendor possesses,
My wealth is the smile of contentment and love.

The morning awakes us to health and to labor,
The lark points to heaven as first to be praised,
The ev'ning procures me my friend and my neighbor,
To join in the tribute by gratitude raised.

And while with such music re-echoes my dwelling,
While harmony still lingers over the grove,
Oh ! if there's a bliss such enjoyment excelling,
It beams in the smile of contentment and love,

The Tempest.

SLOW.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
List, ye landsmen, all to me ;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea ;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail sheets and halyards stand,
Down topgallants, quick be hauling,
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand :
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee topsail sheets let go,
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

SLOW.

Now, all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wanton, courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms,
Around us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
Harder yet, it still blows harder,
Now, again, the boatswain's call.

LIVELY.

The topsail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course,
Let the foresheets go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse ;
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,

Hand up, each preventer-brace set,
Man the foreyard; cheer, lads, cheer.

SLOW.

Now, the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal, contending flash,
On our heads fierce rain falls, pouring,
In our eyes, blue lightnings flash,
One wide water all around us,
All above, but one black sky,
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

LIVELY.

The foremast's gone, tries ev'ry tongue, out
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck:
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold.
Plumb the well, the leak increases;
Four feet water's in the hold,

SLOW.

While o'er the ship the wild wave's beating,
We, for wives and children mourn,
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them, there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
Only that can save us now.

LIVELY.

On the lee beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys;
See, the mizenmast is gone;

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more,
Then up and rig a jury foremast;
She's tight, she's tight, boys, we're off shore.

COMMON.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune sav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,
To our sweethearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to lips the brimmer join;
Where's the tempest, now—who feels it?
None!—our danger's drown'd in wine.

The Woodpecker.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaimed,
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I
blam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips,
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine.

Alknemook.

The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when the light fades away.
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknemook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
No, the son of Alknemook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknemook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice at the fame of his son.
Death comes like a friend to relieve me from pain,
And thy son, oh Alknemook, has scorn'd to complain.

Macgregor's Gathering.

As sung by Mr. HOAN.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day,
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo:
Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the
eagles:

Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather,
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,

Glen Strae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours.

We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach ; landless, landless, landless.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career,

O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,

And the rocks of Craig Royston, like icicles melt,

E'er our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt :

Then haloe, haloe, haloo, Gregalach.

If they rob us of name, &c.

One dear Smile.

By T. MOORE.

Couldst thou look as dear as when

First I sigh'd for thee ;

Couldst thou make me feel again

Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,

Oh ! how blissful life would be !

Hopes that now beguiling leave me,

Joys that lie in slumber cold—

All would wake, couldst thou but give me

One dear smile, like those of old.

Oh ! there's nothing left us now,

But to mourn the past ;

Vain was ev'ry ardent vow,

Never yet did Heav'n allow

Love so warm, so wild to last.

Not e'en hope could now deceive me—

Life itself looks dark and cold :

Oh ! thou never more canst give me

One dear smile, like those of old.

To Ladies' Eyes.

Ans—"Fague a Ballagh."

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours,
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

Some looks there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n,
While some—oh ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them !)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go ! so here they go !
Fill up, fill up, &c.

The old Oaken Bucket.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH, ESQ.

TUNE—"Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane."

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection recalls them to view—

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,

And ev'ry lov'd spot that my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood
by it,

The bridge and the rock, where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, and the dairy house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket, which hung in the well;

The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—

The moss cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,

For often at noon, when return'd from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,

The moss cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,

As pois'd on the curb it inclin'd to my lips;

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,

Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips,

And now far remov'd from the lov'd situation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.

The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket,

The moss cover'd bucket arose from the well.

Hurrah for the White, Red, and Blue.

As sung by Mrs. HACKETT.

Hush'd is the clamorous trumpet of war,
Hush'd, hush'd is the trumpet of war;
The soldier's retired from the clangor of arms,
The drum rolls a peaceful hurrah.

"Tis cheering to think on the past,

"Tis cheering to think we've been true,

"Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,
And gaze on our white, red, and blue.

Hurrah for the white, red, and blue, (*repeat.*)

"Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,
And gaze on our white, red, and blue.

Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,
Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,
And who would not sigh for the glorious brave
That rest on a patriot bed?

"Tis glory, for country to die,

"Tis glory that's solid and true;

"Tis glory, to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,
And die for our white, red, and blue.

Hurrah for the white, red, and blue, (*repeat.*)

"Tis glory to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,
And die for our white, red, and blue.

Here's freedom of thought and of deed,
Here's freedom in valley and plain;
The first song of freedom that rose on our hills,
Our sea shore re-echoed again.

"Tis good to love country and friends,

"Tis good to be honest and true;

"Tis good to die shouting at sea or on shore;

"Hurrah for the white, red, and blue!"

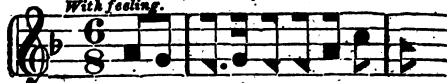
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue, (*repeat.*)

"Tis good to die shouting, at sea or on shore,

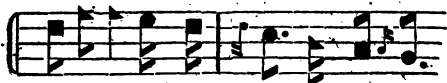
"Hurrah for the white, red, and blue!"

Believe me,

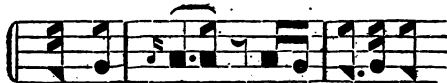
With feeling.



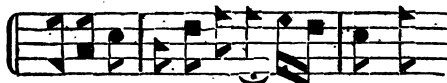
Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-



ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond-



ly to - day, Were to fade by to-



morrow, and fleet in my arms Like fai - ry



dreams fading a - way, Thou wouldst still



be ador'd, as this moment thou art, Let thy



It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd, when he rose.

Erie and Champlain.

Hail to the day which arises in splendor,
Shedding the lustre of victory far,
Long shall its glory illumine September,
Which twice beheld freemen the victors in war.
Rous'd by the spirit of heaven-born freedom,
Perry her lightning pours over the lake,
His falchion, a meteor, glitters to lead them,
And swift on the foemen in thunders they break.
Loud swells the cannon's roar,
Round Erie's sounding shore,
Answer'd in volleys by musketry's voice,
Till Britain's cross descends,
And the haughty foe bends ;
Victory, glory, Columbians, rejoice.

Hail to the day, which in splendor returning,
Lights us to conquest and glory again ;
Time, held that year—still the war-torch was burning,
And threw its red ray on the waves of Champlain.
Rous'd by the spirit that conquer'd for Perry,
Dauntless McDonough advanc'd to the fray,
Instant the glory that brighten'd Lake Erie,
Burst on Champlain with the splendor of day ;
Loud swells the canons' roar,
On Plattsburg's bloody shore,
Britons retreat from the tempest of war,
Prevost deserts the field,
While the gallant ships yield ;
Victory, glory, Columbians, huzza.

Hail to the day, which, recorded in story,
Lives the bright record of unfading fame ;
Long shall Columbians, inspir'd by its glory,
Hail its returning with joyous acclaim.
Victory scatter'd profusely the laurel
Over our heroes, on land and on flood,
Britain, astonish'd, relinquish'd the quarrel,
Peace saw her olive arise from the blood.
Now cannons cease to roar
Round freedom's peaceful shore,
Silent and hush'd is the war bugle's voice ;
Let festive joys increase,
In the sunshine of peace,
Peace gain'd by victory ; freemen, rejoice.

Away o'er the blue Waves of Ocean.

As sung by Signorina GARCIA.

Away o'er the blue waves of ocean,
I go to my own native shores ;
Yet this bosom will glow with devotion
To the clime and the scenes it adores.

Round memory's shrine fondly lingers
The joys that have twin'd their bright spell ;
And the harp that vibrates to these fingers,
Sighs in sadness the tones of farewell.

Where Italy's bright skies are shining,
And France, sunny France, spreads her bloom,
This heart will look back with repining,
And its pleasures be sadden'd in gloom.
Deep thrilling emotions are breaking,
While my thoughts on past images dwell ;
And my voice, at these visions awaking,
Breathes in sadness the notes of farewell !

Bruce's Address to his Army.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
Scots, whom Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front of battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha will fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be slave ?
Let him turn and flee !
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do or die !

Wreath the Bowl.

Wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us :
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !
Should love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That joy th' enchanter brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !
'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows :—
Take wine, like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid !
So wreath the bowl, &c.

Bay of Biscay, O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers;
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid powers.
The night both drear and dark!
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dash'd upon the billows,
Our op'ning timbers creak—
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stops the dreadful leak.
To climb the slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow,
Broke through the hazy sky!
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd the bitter sigh!
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When heaven, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent—
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

Highland Mary.

As sung by MR. SINCLAIR.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie ;
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry ;
For there I took the last-farewell
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
As underneath her fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, O ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early ;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

I'd be a Butterfly.

As sung by Miss E. JEFFERSON.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet;
Hoving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet

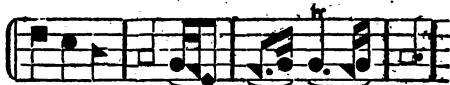
Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth, must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, tho' you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die, when all fair things are fading away;
Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
Means of procuring a weary delay,
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Dying when fair things are fading away.

Black ey'd Susan.



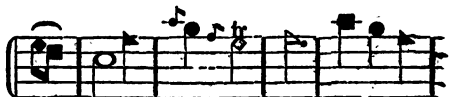
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd,



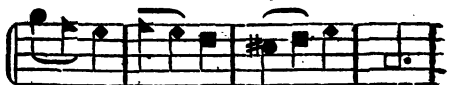
The streamers wa - ving to the wind;



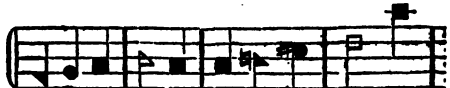
When blackey'd Susan came on board, Oh! where



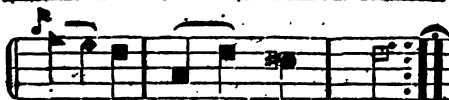
shall I my true love find; Tell me ye



jo - vial sai - lora, tell me true,



If my sweet William, If my sweet William



smile a - - mong your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 Perchance his mate's shrill voice to hear,
 And drops, at once, into her nest,
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips, those kisses sweet.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
 Her lessening boat, unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu ! she cried, and waved her lily hand.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower of Dumblane,
 How sweet is the brier wi' its soft faulting blossom,
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
 Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to my bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane,

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonnie,

For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,

An' far be the villafn divested o' feeling,

Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',

Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,

An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Kate Kearney.

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney,

She lives on the banks of Kilarney,

From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,

For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For her eye is so modestly beaming,

You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming.

Yet, oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,

That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,

Who lives on the banks of Kilarney !

Beware of her smile, for many a wile,

Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney ;

Tho' she looks bewitchingly simple,

Yet there's mischief in every dimple,

And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gal

Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

The bright, bright Shore.

As sung by Mr. HORN.

I hear the shell resound
The trembling waters o'er,
And the songs that swell around
My own bright shore!
The melting charm I hear,
The tuneful melody,
That soothes the list'ning ear
In the chambers of the sea,
Where the Nereid sisters play;
And, the envied smile to reap,
Their wave-born loves array
All the treasures of the deep.
But oh! I may not leave,
To roam the waters o'er,
My own bright shore,
The bright, bright shore!

The golden hue of day,
With the rich and radiant shower
Of all the bloom of May,
Here decks my parent bower;
And hope, and truth, and love,
If e'er with mortals found,
Thrice bless my native grove,
And breathe a heaven around.
Then hither from the wave,
And share our sweeter store;
O hither from the wave,
And share our sweeter store:
I may not, cannot leave,
The shore, the lovely shore,
My own bright shore,
The bright, bright shore!

Draw the Sword, Scotland!

As sung by Miss C. FISHER.

Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
O'er moor and o'er mountain hath pass'd the war
sign:

The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine,
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
The clans they are gathering, by loch and by lea:
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.
Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Charge as ye have charged in days lang syne.
Sound to the onset! onset! onset!
He who but falters is nae son o' thine!

Sheath the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Sheath the sword, Scotland! for dimm'd is its shine.
Thy foemen are flying, flying, flying,
And who kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine.
The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle is over, the victory won:
There are tears for the fallen, fallen, fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done.
Sheath the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine:
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them,
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

Meet me by Moonlight.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale;

You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen,
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh ! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh ! remember be sure to be there,
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone.

A Highland Laddie heard of War.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

A highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion,
He heard the distant cannon roar,
He saw the smiling ocean ;
Come weal, come wo, to sea he'd go,
And left one morning early,
Loch Lomond Ben, and the willow glen,
And Jenny, that lov'd him dearly.

He wander'd east, he wander'd south,
But joy he could not find it ;
But he found out this wholesome truth,
And had the sense to mind it ;
Of a' the earth the bonnie north,
To cherish late and early,
Loch Lomond Ben, and the willow glen,
And Jenny, that lov'd him dearly.

Robin Adair.

As sung by Mr. PHILLIPS.

What's this dull town to me ?

Robin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see,

What wish'd to hear ?

Where's all the joy and mirth,

Made this town a heaven on earth ?

Oh, they're all fled with thee,

Robin Adair !

What made th' assembly shine ?

Robin Adair ;

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin was there :

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore ?

Oh ! it was parting with

Robin Adair !

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair ;

Yet I'll be true to thee,

Robin Adair :

And him I lov'd so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell,

Oh, I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

The Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;

The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill ;

For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,

For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion

He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh !

Oh ! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger :
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee ;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me :
Ah ! never again in the green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woyen flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh !

Oh, where is the cottage that stood by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?
O where is my mother that watch'd o'er my childhood,
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?
Ah ! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,
Oh why did it doat on a fast fading treasure !—
Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
Oh, hard cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me,
Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw ;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin ma vorneen, Erin go Bragh !

The Young Troubadour.

As sung by Mr. PEARMAN.

To the mountain's wild echo I warble my lays,
And harmless I wander through woods and through
braes ;

The peasant by moonlight, oft strays o'er the moor,
To welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

Oh, come to the lattice, and list to my lay ;
Wave, wave thy fair hand, and bid me to stay ;
Oh grant but this boon, I ask for no more,
'Twill enliven the song of the young Troubadour.

Then I'll sing the old ditties of heroes that died,
And of maidens like you, for whom lovers have sigh'd ;
Oh, hearken then, lady, to-morrow I'm sure
You'll welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

Though Love is warm awhile.

As sung by Mr. PEARMAN.

Though love is warm awhile,
Soon it grows cold ;
Absence soon blights the smile,
When it grows old.
Dearest, thy love was mine,
My every thought was thine ;
Thus did our hearts entwine,
Ere love was cold.

But could thy bosom prove
Faithful, my fair ;
Could'st thou still fondly love,
Still absence bear ?
Oh, it was sweet to be,
Lov'd as I was by thee ;
But if thou'rt false to me,
Welcome despair.

O! say not Woman's Love is bought.

O! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
O! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows;
She loves, and loves for ever.

O! say not woman's false as fair;
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah! no; the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves, and loves for ever.

As Sunlight falls.

As sung by Miss HUGHES.

As sunlight falls on crystal streams
That first reflect the day,
On youthful hearts so kindly gleams
Love's fresh inspiring ray.

An envious cloud the sky deforms,
And crystal streams flow dark;
So fares the heart when wayward storms
Extinguish love's pure spark.

Yet, oh! relent, ye adverse powers,
Life's vanish'd joys restore,
Those rosy-color'd laughing hours,
That bloom to fade no more!

Hark! hark! through the wild wood.

Tyrolese war song—As sung by Madame VESTRIS.

They come through the wild wood,

I hear their warrior strain

The haunts of their childhood

Allure their steps again.

I see their glittering spears afar,

I hail the glorious voice of war;

The sunbeams on their morions glance,

And quiver o'er each sparkling lance.

I see their glittering spears afar,

I hear the glorious voice of war;

Hark! hark! through the wild wood,

I hear the martial strain.

Oh! let not tears our welcome speak,

Or cloud affection's brow;

Tears gemm'd at parting every cheek,

But smiles should greet them now.

Twine round their heart your spells of power,

Home, peace, and love!

Through weary life's long future hour,

No more, no more to rove.

I see the glittering spears afar,

I hail the glorious voice of war;

Hark! hark! through the wild wood,

Resounds the martial strain.

The Irishman.

The savage loves his native shore,

Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,

Then well may Erin's sons adore

Their isle which nature formed so fair;

What flood reflects a show so sweet,

As Shannon's great or pastoral band,

Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So gen'rous as an Irishman ?

Tho' his hand be rash, his heart is warm,
And principle is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm,
None more forgives with nobler pride ;
He may be dup'd, but won't be dar'd ;
But fit to practise and to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor in weal, he'll for you pay,
And guide you where you safe may be ;
If you're his comrade, whilst you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee ;
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in wo or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do,
Try him with gold, it won't prevail,
But e'en in fire you'll find him true ;
He seeks not safety—let his post
Be where there's aught in danger's van ,
Or if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin's lov'd land, from age to age,
Be thou more great, more fam'd and free ;
May peace be yours, or should you wage
Defensive wars, cheap victory ;
May plenty flow in every field,
And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
May cheerful smiles serenely glide,
In the breast of every Irishman.

The last Shilling.

BY MR. DIEDIN.

As pensive one night in my garret I sate,
My last shilling produc'd on the table,
That adventurer, cried I, might a history relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.
Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face seem'd with life to be filling;
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
"Pay attention to me—thy last shilling.

"I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who, in cheating, was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,
Wish'd it hundreds—and gave his last shilling.

"'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening eye
With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me:
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting with tears she bedew'd me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way
Pale want their poor families chilling;
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me—their best friend and last shilling.

"Thou thyself hast been tho'tless—for profligates bail,
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little history thou offerest for sale;
In the interim, spend me and be merry." [muse,
"Never, never!" I cried, "thou'rt my monitor, my
And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart." Thus men counsel refuse
Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

Love was once a little Boy.

As sung by Miss C. FISHER.

Love was once a little boy, heigh-ho, heigh-ho ;
Then with him 'twas sweet to toy, heigh-ho, heigh-ho ;
He was then so innocent
Not as now on mischief bent,
Free he came, and harmless went,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.

Love is now a little man, heigh-ho, heigh-ho ;
And a very saucy one, heigh-ho, heigh-ho ;
He walks so stiff, and looks so smart,
As if he own'd each maiden's heart ;
I wish he felt his own keen dart,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.

Love will soon be growing old, heigh-ho, heigh-ho ;
Half his life's already told, heigh-ho, heigh-ho ;
When he's dead, and buried too,
What shall we poor maidens do ?
I'm sure I cannot tell, can you ?
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho.

The Peasant Boy.

Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and roam,
Bereft of his parents, bereft of a home,
A stranger to pleasure, to comfort and joy,
Behold little Edmund, the poor peasant boy ;
Oh pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy,
Oh pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy.

I'm willing to labor, I'm willing to toil,
For fortune will ever on industry smile,
But ah ! not a creature will deign to employ
A wand'rer like Edmund the poor peasant boy.
Then pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy,
Then pity, oh pity the poor peasant boy.

Jockey to the Fair.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare ;
Young Jockey, early in the dawn,
Arose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny had, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flowery garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds used to wear :
He tapp'd the window—"Haste, my dear"
Jenny, impatient, cried, "Who's there ?"
" 'Tis I, my love, and no one near ;
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair."

"My dad and mamma's fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep ;
And will you still your promise keep
Which I have heard you swear ?
And will you ever constant prove ?"
"I will, by all the powers of love,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove :
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair."

"Behold the ring !" the shepherd cried,
"Will Jenny be my charming bride ?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there."

Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true :
His word was pledged—away she flew
O'er cowslip tipp'd with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the jovial throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young :
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
And hails the happy day :
Return'd, there's none so fond as they,
They bless'd the kind, propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.

The Topsails shiver in the Wind.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
Our ship she's cast to sea,
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee ;
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be my leading star.
Should landsmen flatter when we've sail'd,
Oh, doubt their artful tales,
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
These are our cares : but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
Till we return again.
Now freedom's glory rest with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girl, adieu !

I won't be a Nun.

Now is it not a pity such a pretty girl as I,
 Should be sent to a nunnery to pine away and die?
 But I won't be a nun—no, I won't be a nun—
 I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I'm sure I cannot tell what's the mischief I have done,
 But my mother often tells me that I must be a nun.
 But I won't be a nun, &c.

I could not bear confinement, it would not do for me,
 For I like to go a shopping, and to see what I can see.
 So I won't be a nun, &c.

I love to hear men flattering, love fashionable clothes,
 I love music and dancing, and chatting with the beaux.
 So I can't be a nun, &c.

So, mother, don't be angry now, but let your daughter be,
 For the nuns would not like to have a novice wild
 as me.
 And I can't be a nun—no, I won't be a nun—
 I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

The Banks of Champlain.

'Twas autumn, and round me the leaves were descending,
 And lonely the woodpecker peck'd on the tree,
 Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were defending.

The din of their arms sounded dismal to me;
 For Sandy, my love, was engaged in the action,
 Without him I valued the world not a fraction,
 His death would have ended my life in distraction,
 As lonely I stray'd on the banks of Champlain.

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
My elbow I lean'd on a rock near the shore,
The sounds nearly parted my heart-strings asunder,
I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more.
But soon an express all my sorrows suspended,
My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended,
My shepherd was safe, and my country defended,
By freedom's brave sons, on the banks of Champlain.

I wip'd from my eyes the big tear that had started,
And hasten'd the news to my parents to bear,
Who sigh'd for the loss of relations departed,
And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care;
The cannon now ceased, the drums still were beating,
The foes of our country far north were retreating,
The neighboring damsels each other were greeting,
With the songs of delight, on the banks of Champlain.

Our squadron triumphant, our army victorious
With laurels unfaded, our Spartans return'd,
My eyes never dwelt on a scene half so glorious,
My heart with such rapture before never burn'd:
But Sandy, my darling, that moment appearing,
His presence to every countenance cheering,
Was rendered to me more doubly endearing,
By the feats he perform'd on the banks of Champlain.

But should smiling peace, with her blessings and
treasures,
Soon visit the plains of Columbia again,
What pen can describe the enrapturing pleasures
That I shall experience through life, with my swain;
For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,
Nor worse British foes send their minions to harm us,
But nature and art will continue to charm us,
While happy we live on the banks of Champlain.

Love among the Roses.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower.
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
The graces were there, culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses ;
 Young Love among the roses,
 Love among the roses.

O happy day ! O joyous hour !
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flower,
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever ;
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses ;
 Young Love among the roses, &c.

Where is my Lover.

As sung by Miss STEPHENS.

Where is my lover ? can any one tell ?
 Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
He flirts with another, I know very well ;
 And I am all alone !
I own that I frown'd when I sent him away,
And order'd him not to come near me to-day ;
But then I'd no notion that he would obey,
 Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
I'm sure we girls do not mean half that we say.
 Oh ! I am all alone !

Where is my lover ? oh ! bring him to me,
 Where is he gone ? where is he gone ?
I was not aware, how distressing 'twould be,
 Thus to be all alone !

They tell me to Mary gay presents he brings,
They say that he smiles when fair Isabel sings;
'Tis plain that his Cupid has two pair of wings:

Where is he gone? where is he gone?
Oh! his love and mine are two different things,
For I am all alone!

Bid him come back to me like a good man,

Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I will him receive with smiles, if I can,
Though I am all alone!

Do not permit him to think that I pine,
Tell him that many men call me divine:
You cannot mistake him, his form is so fine:

Where is he gone? where is he gone?
They say that his eyes are the image of mine,
Oh! I am all alone!

The voice of her I love.

As sung by Mr. BRAHAM.

How sweet, at close of silent eve,
The harp's responsive sound!
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive
And deeds by virtue crown'd!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree
In some delightful grove!
But, oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of her I love!

Whene'er she joins the village train,
To hail the new born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain,
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I calmly bear,
In humble sphere I move,
Content and bless'd where'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

The bonny Sleigh.

AIR—"The Bonny Boat."

O swiftly glides the bonny sleigh,
Just parted from the door,
With jingling bells and horses' neigh,
The snow dash'd up before.
This pleasure now, and happy cheer,
Are much enjoy'd indeed;
With blooming belles to us so dear,
To Laurel Hill we'll speed.
We cast our lines upon the rails,
Where snow had drifted wide;
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats, and veils,
Were all then laid aside:
Then happy prov'd the merry dance
Upon the mansion floor;
While wine and cider mull'd and warm,
Came in at every door

The skaters on the ice may sing,
Whilst all around they charm;
But we prefer the sleigh bells' ring,
When all wrapp'd up so warm:
It safely bears its lovely store,
Through many a stormy gale;
Whilst joyful shouts from half a score,
Our merry party hail.
We cast our lines upon the rails,
Where snow had drifted wide;
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats, and veils,
Were all then laid aside:
Then happy prov'd the jolly folks,
With ne'er a sigh nor care:
We'll now return and crack some jokes,
Where all our treasures are.

Now near the city we are come,
The lamps I plainly see :
From the good dame we left at home,
Our welcome warm will be :
The well known shout, and sleigh bells' ring,
Seem echoing in her ears ;
Now come, my boys, let's loudly sing,
She'll soon forget her fears.
We'll cast our lines upon the post,
That stands before the door,
And then we'll all our fingers toast,
And sleigh a little more.
Then happy prove each pleasant jaunt,
Upon the wintry plain ;
I'm sure we shall not sleighing want,
If snow don't turn to rain.

Poor little Love.

Poor little love looks as meek as a dove,
When he sues for relief in our bosom ;
We harbor the boy as a herald of joy,
For where is the heart can refuse him ?
When once in our breast, he deprives us of rest,
While for constancy, vain we implore him,
He laughs at our sighs, spreads his pinions and flies,
Yet in spite of all this we adore him ;
Yes, yes, poor little love, &c.

Arts are as old as the world, we are told,
Yet we women somehow can't upbraid him ;
Oh ! still does he vex ev'ry one of our sex,
And man, even *man* ! can't evade him.
He sports with us all ; young or old, great or small,
Must obey him, whatever they utter ;
And as for myself, I wish the sly elf
Would not make in my heart such a flutter.
No, no, sly little love, poor little love, &c.

The Rose Tree.

A rose tree in full bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see ;
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty, attracted me ;
Though eager once to win it,
When lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,
I found a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,
The sun shining fair and bright ;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
The sun-beams no more are seen ;
Farewell ! ye fleeting hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

When fair Aurora blushes,
And heaven's serene and clear,
The linnets, larks, and thrushes,
With music delight the ear ;
When storms begin to gather,
And clouds veil the vaulted skies,
They bid adieu to pleasure,
In silence their music dies.

So, when you was my lover,
I thought you was all divine :
No blemish could discover ;
But now, all your vices shine :
I find you are inconstant,
You're false and fickle as the wind ,
I'll think no more upon you,
But banish you from my mind.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet or shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone;
But we left him alone in his glory.

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet.

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit ?
For love has bound me hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I came this dark and dreary hour,
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pouring storm, jo.
O let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet ;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me with cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkeest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charn'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The Lay of the Minstrel Knight.

'Oh ! list to my lay,' said a minstrel gray,
As he paused at a baron's proud hall,
The lord said 'Nay,' the lady said 'Aye,'
But fair Emmeline spoke not at all.
Then a strain he sung, till the castle walls rung,
For his voice had wondrous power ;
And sweet was the tale, as the summer eve's gale
When it kisses the sleeping flower.

'In the holy land, on king Richard's right hand,
Fought one for his lady-love ;
By a father's pride his suit was denied,
But vows are recorded above.'
Fair Emmeline listen'd, until her eye glisten'd
With trembling yet sweet surprise ;
For the minstrel, she knew, was her Leoline true,
Though shrouded in dim disguise !

Oh no, I never mentioned it.

AIR—"Oh no, I'll never mention him."

Oh no, I never mention'd it,

I never said a word ;

But lent my friend my five pound note,

Of which—I never heard !

He told me that he borrowed it

To pay another debt—

And since I've never *mention'd it*,

He thinks that I *forget!*

When'er we ride, *I pay* the 'pike ;

I settles every treat

He rides my cob—he drives my cob—

But *cuts me* when we meet !

My new umbrell' I lent him too,

One night 'twas very wet ;

'Though *he* forgets it ne'er came back,

Ah me—I don't forget !

To Sally Sims, my own true love,

Few visits can I pay :

But think how *kind* my friend behaves,

He calls on her each day !

By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,

With fruit and flowers a lot :

The *fruit* and *flowers* came safe to hand,

The rest—my friend *forgot!*

Sometimes I treats Miss to the play,

And, what I can't abide,

Is, when *I* just sits down by her,

My friend's at t' *other side!*

Such whisp'ring and such quizzing too,

They keep, to make me fret ;—

I know 'tis only 'make believe,'

But still I can't forget.

'A friend in need's a friend indeed,'
This *I* have found quite true :
For mine is such a *needy friend*,
He sticks to me like glue !
We're like, they say—for oft have I
Been taken for—his debts ;
He makes so free with *me* and *mine*,
Himself he quite—forgets !

Immortal Washington.

Columbia's greatest glory,
Was her lov'd chief, fair freedom's friend,
Whose fame, renown'd in story,
Shall last, till time itself shall end.
Ye muses bring your harps, and sing
Sweet lays, that in smooth numbers run,
In praise of our lov'd hero,
The great, the godlike Washington.

His fame through future ages,
Columbia's free-born sons shall raise ;
The theme each heart engages,
All tongues shall join to sing his praise ;
With joy sound forth his virtuous worth,
And tell the glorious acts he's done.
Of all mankind, the greatest
Was our beloved Washington.

And oh ! thou great Creator,
Who form'd his youth, and watch'd his age,
Since thou, in course of nature,
Hast called him from his earthly stage,
Great power above enthron'd in love,
Who was before this world begun,
Receive into thy bosom,
Our virtuous hero—Washington.

Marseilles Hymn of Liberty.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory !
Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !
Th' avenging sword unsheath :
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo ! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more ?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

Oh ! Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame ?

Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee ?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave, &c.

The Old Hat.

AIR—"Washing Day."

When this old hat was new, my boys,
Full three score years and ten,
There's few that's living now can tell,
How plenty things were then.
Good liquor in a poor man's house,
Was a pleasant thing to view,
Besides we had both ale and souse,
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, my boys,
'Twas Christmas in the morn,
We did not want for the best of food,
We had both wheat and corn.
The rich they wanted no waiting on,
Which they were kindly welcome to,
Besides there was no cheating then,
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, by boys,
Soldiers were not press'd ;
They boldly entered volunteers,
Their fortunes proved the best ;
The tories they all took a flight,
Which they most welcome were to do,
For they might as well be d—d as fight,
When this old hat was new.

The Mountaineer's Song.

Composed for "THE AMERICAN MINSTREL."

Oh, talk not to me of the "West" and its rivers—
Its valleys retiring the forests' gloom through—
Its lakes, in whose bosoms the summer sun quivers,
Reflecting a sky ever smiling and new.
Tho' fair be thy streams which flash through the
wildwood,
And rich are thy valleys, and sunny thy skies—
The scenes that encompass the home of my childhood,
Tho' less bright their aspect, more dearly I prize.

Soft, soft is the South, as it sighs o'er thy flowers,
Or noiselessly ripples the slumbering fount;
And cool are the shades of thy vine-trellis'd bowers,
Like Eden spots glowing on hill side and mount.
They are bright—they are fair—but give me the
mountains,

That rush in magnificence on the clear sky;
Tho' dark be the gush of their pine-cover'd fountains,
And rugged the glens where the covert deer lie.

Broad, broad are thy plains where the buffalo grazes,
And verdant the emerald swells of their grass;
But the Indian alone treads their difficult mazes,
Or skulks where the prairie-wolves tremblingly pass.
There's a splendor aye broods o'er the rush of the
waters,

A sweet song of birds from copse, dingle, and grove;
And kind are the hearts of thy gazelle-eyed daughters,
When friendship awakens, and ushers in love.

But mem'ry still clings with its tendrils around thee,
And hovers and weeps o'er my childhood's first
home;

Too strong are the links which in infancy bound me,
To break now, when destiny bids me to roam.

But hark ! 'tis the roar of the cataract swelling,
O'er cliff, stream, and fountain, thro' brake, gorge,
and dell,
Recalling the wanderer to his lone dwelling—
So, "beautiful west," fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!

Dame Durden.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls
To carry the milking-pail;
She also kept five laboring men,
To wield the spade and flail:
 'Twas Moll and Bet,
 And Doll and Kate,
 And Dorothy Daggletail;
 And John and Dick,
 And Joe and Jack,
 And Humphry with his flail;
 'Twas John kissed Molly,
 And Dick kissed Betty,
 And Joe kissed Dolly,
 And Jack kissed Kitty,
 And Humphry with his flail;
And Kitty she was a charming girl,
To carry the milking-pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,
She did begin to call,
To rouse her servant-maids and men,
She then began to bawl.
 'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's servant-maids and men
They all began to mate.
 'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

The Lover's Mistake.

As sung by Madame VESTRIS.

A fond youth serenaded his love
Who was sleeping—love never should sleep,
Her father was peeping above—
Oh ! fathers, you never should peep.
To his daughter's balcony he brought
Her monkey in muslins array'd ;
The youth was o'erjoy'd, for he thought
'Twas the form of his beautiful maid, his maid,
'Twas the form of his beautiful maid.

He gaz'd on the figure in white,
Whose nods gave new life to his hopes ;
His heart throb'd with love and delight,
As he threw up the ladder of ropes ;
His charmer hopp'd down it, and then
The happy delusion was o'er !
Girls often meet monkey-like men,
But man ne'er woo'd monkey before, before,
But man ne'er woo'd monkey before.

From the window enjoying the joke,
Her father fear'd danger no more ;
And she by the bustle awoke,
Soon made her escape at the door.
" Come, come to your Rosa," she said,
" Unless you prefer my baboon,
And pray let your next serenade
Take place at the full of the moon, the moon,
Take place at the full of the moon."

Smillion.

There was an Irish lad,
Who lov'd a cloister'd nun,

And it made him very sad,
For what was to be done ?
He thought it was a big shame,
A most confounded sin,
That she could not get out at all,
And he could not get in :
Yet he went ev'ry day, he could do nothing more,
Yet he went ev'ry day unto the convent door,
And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou,
And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, gramachree, and
Paddy Whack.

To catch a glimpse of her,
He play'd a thousand tricks ;
The bolts he tried to stir,
And he gave the wall some kicks :
He stamp'd, he rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd,
And many times he swore,
The devil burn the iron bolts !
The devil take the door !
Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule :
Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool.
Though he sung sweetly, &c.

One morn she left her bed,
Because she could not sleep,
And to the window sped,
To take a little peep ;
And what did she do then ?
I'm sure you'll think it right,
She bade the honest lad good day,
And bade the nuns good night.
Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away.
And they sung sweetly, &c.

Hurrah for the Emerald Isle.

As sung by Miss Rock.

There's a health to the friends that are far,
There's a health to our friends that are near,
Here's to those who rank first in the war,
Oh the brave hearts that never knew fear!
Here's to him who for freedom first draws,
And here's to the heart free from guile,
The patriot friend to his home and his laws,
Who stands by his own native isle.
Then hurrah for the Emerald Isle!

And here's to the bosom's bright glow,
When the banner of liberty waves;
And here's may she conquer her foe,
Ere the sons of her glory be slaves!
Then here's to the friends all around,
The emblem of Erin's rich soul,
And oh! may they ever, when wanted, be found
To stand by their own native isle,
Then hurrah for the Emerald Isle!

Evening Song of the Tyrolese Peasants.

Come to the sun-set tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's axe lies free,
The reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.
Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wind's low sigh;
The gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.

When the burden of the heat
Of labor's task is o'er,
And kindly voices greet,
The tired one at his door.
Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

Yes, tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs ;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
Then, though the wind an altered tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower of something gone,
A tinge of sadness wear ;
Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

My Luve's like a red, red Rose.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June ;
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Fair chiel o' the West.

Fair chiel' o' the west, will ye gang wi' me,
And dance on the Highland hill ?
Where the piper's merrie minstrelsie
Flows on like a rushing rill ?
Where the bonnie, bonnie thistle rears its head,
And nods to the purple heather :
Fair chiel' o' the west, will ye gang wi' me,
And we'll dance o'er the Highlands together !

Fair chiel', gin the snaw fa' white an' fast,
When the winter tempest lowers ;
And my winsome girl to the nothern blast,
Like a drooping lily cowers ;
I've a canny canny cot by the blue hill side,
Love flies there in stormy weather ;
And gin ye will tak' it and be my bride,
We'll live in the Highlands together.

Look awa' to the north, lovely chiel' o' the west,
And see where the white mist gathers ;
Like the spirit of song, in its shadowy vest,
When it hung o'er the harps of my fathers :
When auld winter is gone, o'er the hills it will fling
The dew that still freshens the heather ;
Then we'll gang out, loved lassie, to meet the fair
spring,
And we'll dance o'er the Highlands together.

The bloom is on the Eye.

My pretty Jane ! my pretty Jane !
Ah ! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear ;

The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear ;
Then pretty Jane ! my dearest Jane !
Ah ! never look so shy ;
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring ;
The lads and maids in favors white—
The village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear ;
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear :
Then pretty Jane, &c.

The Star of Love.

Along the mountains of the west,
The woods in misty twilight wave ;
The eagle broods upon her nest,
The hermit sits within his cave.

The May-moth in the wild flower sleeps,
And sylvan urchins silent lie ;
The fallow-deer its covert keeps,
And drowsy shepherds homeward hie.

No murmur from the thicket breaks,
The night-enamored bird is mute ;
While Love (a sweeter bird) awakes,
And warbles from my lady's lute.

Appear ! star after star appears—
The brightest star that eye can see,
When joy that filled that eye with tears,
Was never half so bright as thee.

Roy's Wife.

BY MRS. GRANT.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony;
But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
Her hair so fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

But Roy's age is three times mine,
I think his days will nae be mony,
And when the cart's dead and gane,
She'll, may be, rue and tak' her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee.

Here's a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave,

Here's a health to the bold and the free,
And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave,

Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee.

Here's to the land of victorious Bruce,

And the champions of liberty's cause,

And may their example fresh heroes produce,

In defence of our rights and our laws.

Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to the land where brave Wallace unfur'd

His bright banner of conquest and fame,
The terror of foemen, the pride of the world ;

Long may Scotland hold dearly his name.
And still like their fathers, our brothers are true,

And their valor with pleasure we see,
Of the wreaths that were won at renown'd Waterloo,

Here's a bough of the laurel for thee.

Here's a health, &c.

Here's success to the land where fair liberty grows,

May her sons still in harmony twine,
And should wily discord again interpose,

Let us challenge each other in wine.

For while we're united, foes threaten in vain ;

And their daring, our fame shall increase,
Till the banner of victory, o'er land and main,

Triumphant is waving in peace.

Then here's a health, &c.

Will Watch.

'Twas one morn, when the wind from the northward
blew keenly,

While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then
serenely

• Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promis'd his Sue, that this trip, it well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore;
When his pockets were lin'd, why his life should be
mended;

The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing and
cried,

This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading;
In dock I can lie, and a friend serve beside.

Will lay to, till the night came on darksome and
dreary,

To crowd every sail then he pip'd up each hand;
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no
heed on't,

Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his
gun?

Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
need on't—

We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys,
we'll run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now
appearing,

Oh! now, cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear
down;

Bear-a-hand, my tight lads, ere we think about
sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, of
drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left be-
hind me,

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed :
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch
would be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next
minute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more ;
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd
in it,

Then sheer'd—and Will's hulk to his Susan they
bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
with,

To few known his grave, and to few known his
end ;

He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
with,

He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each
friend.

Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly
bellow,

Yon ash struck with lightning, points out the cold
bed

Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd
lawless fellow,

Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the
dead.

Away with Melancholy.—Glee.

* 1 A - way with melancholy, Nor doleful changes

2 Then what's the use of sighing, While time is on the

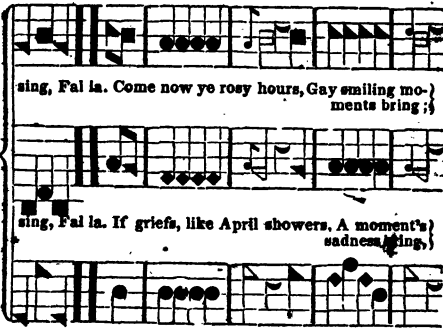
3 The rose its bloom refuses, If pluck'd not in the

ring, On life and human folly, But merrily, merrily

wing : Can we prevent his flying? Then merrily, merrily

spring; Life soon its fragrance loses, Then cheerily, cheerily

* Only one line of the words are to be sung at once.



sing, Fal la. Come now ye rosy hours, Gay smiling mo-
ments bring ;

sing, Fal la. If griefs, like April showers, A moment's
sadness bring,

sing, Fal la. Fly, fly all dull emotion, All care away we
fling ;



We'll strew the way with flowers And merrily, merri-
ly sing, Fal la, }

Joys soon succeed like flowers, Then cheerily, cheerily
sing—Fal la. }

Pure Joy is our devotion, Then cheerily, cheerily sing—
Fal la. }

Hohenlinden.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn :—but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war clouds' rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens.—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Ah ! few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The Banks of the Dee.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung on the tree ;
At the foot of a rock where a river is flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever,
For there I first gain'd the affection and favor
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To fight for his country—for valiant is he ;
And ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
The lamb on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

The Romaika.

When the balaika is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the romaika, by moonlight with thee;
If waves then advancing should steal o'er our track,
Thy white feet in dancing, shall chase them all back.

When the balaika, &c.

Then at the closing of each merry lay,
We'll lie reposing beneath the night ray;
Or if declining the moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining of each other's eyes.

When the balaika, &c.

Oh! then how featly the dance we'll renew,
Winding so fleetly, its light mazes through,
Till stars shining o'er us, from heaven's high bowers,
Will give their bright chorus, for one dance of ours.

When the balaika, &c.

The Mariner's Wife.

But are you sure the news is true?

And are you sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye lass, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a';

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our good man's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door?

Gi' me my cloak, I'll down the Key,

And see him come ashore.

There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,

Put on the muckle pot;

Gi' little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jack his Sunday's coat.
There's nae luck, &c.

Mak' their shoon as black as slae,
Their stockings white as snaw;
It's a' to pleasure our good man,
He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crip
I've fed this month or mair;
Make haste to thraw their necks about,
That Colin well may fare.
There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And then gae tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
My stockings of pearl blue,
And a' to pleasure our good man,
For he's both leal and true.
There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air,
His very tread has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
There's nae luck, &c.

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,
And e'en I'm like to greet.
There's nae luck, &c.

The true Yankee Sailor.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam ;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was giv'n he the first went aloft :
The veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out, avast
And Columbia's colors he nail'd to the mast ;
And died like a true Yankee sailor.

The Miseries of Saturday.

There is no peace about the house,
In kitchen, parlor, hall,
There is no comfort in the house
On Saturday at all.
Where'er you turn, a noise assails
Of brushes, brooms, and mops ;
Besides a host of pans and pails,
For various stiffening slops.
Then there's rubbing, scrubbing,
Tearing, sweating, sounding ev'ry way ;
Of all the days throughout the week,
The worst is Saturday.
Hark ! is that dread thunder near,
Or noisy drum or fife ?

Oh, no, the music that I hear,
Is charwoman and wife !
Both laughing, scolding, talking, singing,
Gad ! there's such a din,
That all Babel's workmen ringing,
Conquer'd, must give in—
To their rubbing, scrubbing,
Tearing, swearing, echoing ev'ry way ;
Of all the days within the week,
The worst is Saturday.

In apron blue now comes your belle,
And gown, well stor'd with holes ;
For color, it might passing well
Claim kindred with the coals.
Then, she says, " You know, my dear,
Some make their husbands rue,
By taking their good clothes to wear,
When any thing will do,
For their scrubbing, rubbing,
Wearing, tearing." Oh curse them all, I say;
Of all the days throughout the week,
The worst is Saturday.

Begrin'd with dust, with dirt, and grease,
She now sits down to dine ;
At banyan-day, of bread and cheese,
You now must not repine ;
Your goods and chattels, now displac'd,
All in confusion stand ;
Some are broke, and some defac'd,
By each destructive hand,
With their rubbing, scrubbing,
Tearing, swearing, sounding ev'ry way ;
Of all the days within the week,
The worst is Saturday.

At length, thank fate! the warfare's o'er,
But now, the peevish frump
Insists that all across the floor
We must hop, skip, and jump,
For fear the milk-white boards should soil,
Or furniture bewray;
Ah! wo to him that dares to spoil
The work of Saturday,
After rubbing, scrubbing,
Tearing, swearing, all their time away;
Of all the days that make the week,
The worst is Saturday.

Then, to avoid a din and noise,
For rational delight,
We haste to join some jolly boys
On Saturday at night;
When we are met, a jovial set,
We drive dull care away,
In harmony, we soon forget
The woes of Saturday,
And their rubbing, scrubbing,
Tearing, swearing, all the live-long day;
For the night of mirth will soon requite
The woes of Saturday.

The Minstrel Boy

AIR—"The Moreen."

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

Oh ! what a row !

Oh ! what a row ! what a rumpus and a rioting,
All those endure, you may be sure, that go to sea ;
A ship is a thing that you never can be quiet in,
By wind or steam it's all the same, 'twas so with me.
Wife and daughter, on the water said they'd like to
sail a bit,
I consented, soon repented, soon began to rail a bit ;
" Pa ! now pray ! go to-day, the weather's so inviting,
lauk,
I'm sure 'twill do such good to you, they'll feed you
like a fighting cock."

Oh ! what a row, &c.

In a boat, I got afloat, as clumsy as an elephant,
So spruce and gay to spend the day, and make a
splash ;
Gad ! it's true, I did it too, forstepping in, I fell off on't,
And overboard, upon my word, I went slap-dash.
Wife squalling, daughter bawling, every thing pro-
voking me,
Call'd " a hog, a poodle dog," all the sailors joking me ;
Dripping wet, and in a fret, with many more dis-
tressibles,
A fellow took the long-boat hook, and caught my in-
expressibles.

Oh ! what a row, &c.

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited,
Laugh'd at by the passengers, and quizz'd by the crew ;

Rav'd and swore, that on the shore I rather had been gibbeted—

Than thus, halfdrown'd, by all around, be roasted too—
Danger past, and dry at last, indulging curiosity,
I star'd to see the vessel flee, with such a strange velocity ;

“ Pray,” said I, to one just by, “ what power can impel us so ! ”

“ The smoky devil goes by steam, at least the lubbers tell us so.”

Oh ! what a row, &c.

Not a sail, to catch a gale, yet magically on I went,
'Gainst wind and tide, and all beside, in wonder quite ;

Cast my eye 'up to the sky, and tall as Trinity's monument,

I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.
People toiling, roasting, boiling, bless us such a rookery,

They'd soup and fish, and fowl and flesh, and Niblo's tavern cookery ;

Then the noise of men and boys ! a din to rival hell's hubbub,

I thought the crew were devils all, the master Captain Beelzebub.

Oh ! what a row, &c.

Wife to me says—says she, “ now's your time to pick a bit,

The dinner's serving up below—and we must fly.”
Says I, “ my dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be sick a bit,

I'm seiz'd with an all-over-ness, I faint, I die !

I cannot eat, I lothe my meat, I feel my stomach
failing me ;
Steward hasten, bring a basin ; what the deuce is
ailing me ?
If it's handy, get some brandy"—the malady to
quench unable,
Down I lay, for half a day—in pickle quite unmen-
tionable.

Oh ! what a row, &c,

As to dinner, I'm a sinner if I touch'd a bit of it ;
But anchor cast, and home at last, I'm safe once
more,
In the packet such a racket ! crowding to get quit
of it ;
Like cattle from a coaster, we were haul'd on the
shore—
With "how d'ye do ?" and "how are you ? I see
you're better physically ;"
"Zounds be still, I'm very ill, you're always talking
quizzically ;
Some with glee may go to sea, but I shall not be
willing, sir,
For such a day again to pay, just two pounds fifteen
shillings, sir."

Oh ! what a row, &c.

When lovely Woman.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy ?
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only way her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

The Washing Day.

The sky with clouds was overcast,
The rain began to fall,
My wife she beat the children,
And rais'd a pretty squall :
She bade me, with a scolding look,
To get out of the way ;
The de'il a bit of comfort's there,
All on a washing day.
For it's thump, thump, scold, scold,
Thump, thump away,
The de'il a bit of comfort's there,
All on a washing day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife,
There's none so free from e'il,
Except upon a washing day,
And then she is the de'il :
The very kittens on the hearth,
They will not even play—
Away they jump, with many a thump,
All on a washing day.
For it's thump, thump, &c.

A friend of mine once asked me,
How long Kate had been dead,
Lamenting the good creature,
And sorry I was wed
To such a scolding vixen,
Whilst he had been at sea.
The truth it was, he chanc'd to come
Upon a washing day.
When 'twas thump, thump, &c.

I asked him to come and dine—
Come, come, says I, odds buda,
I'll no denial take ! you shall,
Though Kate is in the suds :

But what he had to dine upon,
In faith I shall not say;
But I'll wager he'll not come again
Upon a washing day.
For it's thump, thump, &c.

On the sad morning when I rise,
I make a fervent prayer,
Up to the gods, that it may be
Throughout the day quite fair:
That not a gown or handkerchief,
May in the ditch be laid;
Oh! should it happen so, egad,
I'd catch a broken head.
For it's thump, thump, &c.

Come to me when Evening flings.

Composed for the "AMERICAN MINSTREL."

Come to me when evening flings
Her shadows o'er Night's dusky wings:
Ere yet the moon, from eastern skies,
Full-orb'd, on plain and upland beameth,
And stars, like fairy visions rise,
And through the depths of ether streameth.

Come to me then—it is the hour,
When Love exerts his mystic power;
Then, yielding beauty loves to hear,
While night conceals her joyous blushing,
Tales not meet for maiden's ear,
From passion's lips like spring-tides gushing.

Come to me then, when ev'ning flings
Her shadows o'er earth's fairest things;
When sadly sweet, from distant grove,
Is heard the night-bird's plaintive numbers,
And all around, beneath, above,
Seems hush'd as infants' dreamless slumbers.

The Braes of Balquhither.

AIR—"The three Carls o' Buchanan."

Let us go, lassie, go
To the braes of Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain.
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry wind
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
A' the moorland perfuming!
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes of Balquhither.

The Downhill of Life.

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow ;
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail ;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when my friend wants to borrow ;
I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Or the honors that wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast, may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighboring hill,
And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill.
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for years three score and ten ;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
And this worn-out old stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

Oh! Hush the Soft Sigh.

Oh! hush the soft sigh, maid, and dry the sweet tear,
To this bosom thy image shall ever be dear :—
Of hope's pictured scenes how the colors decay,
And love's fairy season as soon melts away!

When its balm breathing dew I delighted to sip,
Did I think a farewell would escape from that lip?
By honor commanded though far I should roam,
The loadstone of love will attract me to home.

At noon when the rose's warm blush thou shalt see,
Oh! think of the wreaths thou hast woven for me!
At night when the moon in mild splendor shall move,
Oh! view that fair planet, and think how I love.

Eveleen's Bower.

Oh weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower—
The lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way
Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint,
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came ;
But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

The Wounded Hussar.

Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er :
Oh whither, she cried, hast thou wandered, my lover ;
Or where dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore ?
What voice do I hear ? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd !
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
Hussar !

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
streaming,
And pale was his visage deep mark'd with a scar ;
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war !
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war ;
Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar !

Thou shalt live, she replied, heaven's mercy, relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn !
Ah, no ! the last pang in my bosom is heaving ;
No light of the morn shall to Henry return !
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !
Ye babes of my love that await me afar !
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded
Hussar !

The Farmer.

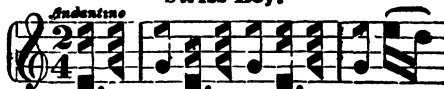
Come, each jovial fellow who loves to be mellow,
Attend unto me and sit easy ;
One jorum and quiet, we quickly will try it,
Dull thinking will make a man crazy ;
For here I am king, we'll drink, laugh and sing,
Let no one appear as a stranger ;
But show me the ass, that refuses his glass,
And I'll order him hay in the manger.

By ploughing and sowing, by reaping and mowing,
Kind nature supplies me with plenty ;
I've a cellar well stor'd, and a plentiful board,
And my cupboard affords every dainty ;
I have all things in season, both woodcock and pheasant,
Besides, I'm a squire of decorum :
At my cabin's far end, I've a bed for a friend,
A clean fire-side and a jorum.

Were it not for seeding, you'd have but poor feeding,
You'd surely be starving without me ;
I'm always content, when I've paid all my rent,
And I'm happy when friends are about me ;
Draw close to my table, I'm thriving and able,
Let's not have a word of complaining ;
For the jingling of glasses all music surpasses—
I love to see bottles a draining.

Let the mighty and great, loll in splendour and state ;
I envy them not, I declare it ;
I eat my own lamb, my chicken and ham,
I shear my own fleece, and I wear it ;
I've lands and I've bowers, I've fields and I've flowers,
The lark is my daily alarmer ;
So ye jolly boys now who delight in the plough,
Let's drink long life and success to the farmer.

Swiss Boy.



Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss



boy, Take thy pail and to labor a - way! ‡



The sun is up with rad - dy beam;



The kine are thronging to the stream. D. C.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,

When I hie to the mountains, away!

For there a shepherd maiden dear,

Awaits my song with listening ear.

Am not I, &c.

Then at night! then at night—Oh! a gay Swiss boy!

I'm away to my comrades, away!

The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd

In friendship round, until at last,

With good night! and good night! goes the happy

Swiss boy

To his home and his slumbers, away.

The Beacon, or Light-House.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it,
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant isle, till the beacon-fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billows' commotion)
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
The star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar;
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O ! then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

Plato.

Says Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heaven hath made him great ?
Why look with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
The wealth and glory they possess'd,
And all their honors are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train—
But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls:
Let friendship reign while here we stay:
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove us calls, we must obey.

A Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn:
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utawas tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle! hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air!
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Friendship.

Friendship to every willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure :
There may the sons of sorrow find,
Sources of real pleasure.
See what employment men pursue,
Then you will own my words are true ;
Friendship alone unfolds to view,
Sources of real pleasure.

Poor are the joys which fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream.
Or a delusive story ;
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind ;
Only in friendship can we find
Pleasure and solid glory.

Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
Is but a painted bubble ;
Short is the triumph wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble.
Fame, like a shadow, flies away ;
Titles and dignities decay ;
Nothing but friendship can display
Joys that are free from trouble.

Learning (that boasting, glittering thing)
Scarcely is worth possessing ;
Riches, for ever on the wing,
Cannot be call'd a blessing.
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
Friendship can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

Happy the man who has a friend,
Form'd by the God of nature ;
Well may he feel and recommend
Friendship for his Creator.
Then as our hands in friendship join,
So let our social powers combine,
Rul'd by a passion most divine,
Friendship with our Creator.

Willie brew'd a Peck o' Mant.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' mant
And Rob and Allan cam to see ;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e :
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
'Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, eoward loun is he !
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

My Emmet's no more.

Despair in her wild eye, a daughter of Erin*
Appear'd on the cliffs of the bleak rocky shore;
Loose in the wind flow'd her dark streaming ringlets,
And heedless she gaz'd on the dread surge's roar.
Loud rang her harp in wild tones of despairing;
The time pass'd away with the present comparing,
And in soul-thrilling strains deeper sorrow declaring,
She sang Erin's woes and her Emmet no more.

O, Erin my country, your glory's departed;
For tyrants and traitors have stabb'd thy heart's core;
Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction,
Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretch'd in their gore.
Ruthless ruffians now prowl thro' thy hamlets forsaken,
From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken;
The screams of thy females no pity awaken.
Alas! my poor country, your Emmet's no more.

Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,
His heart bled in anguish the wrongs of the poor;
To relieve their hard sufferings he brav'd every danger,
The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.
E'en before him the proud titled villains in power
Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower;
But alas! he is gone—he has fallen a young flower,
They have murder'd my Emmet, my Emmet's no more.

The Soldier's Bride.

The moon was beaming silver bright,
The eye no cloud could view;

* Daughter of Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish orator, to whom, it was supposed, Mr. Robert Emmet was engaged to be married.

Her lover's step in silent night,
Well pleas'd, the damsel knew,
At midnight hour,
Beneath the tower,
He murmur'd soft, "Oh, nothing fearing,
With your own true Soldier fly,
And his faithful heart be cheering ;
List ! dear, 'tis I ;
List ! list, list, love ; list ! dear, 'tis I ;
With thine own true Soldier fly."

Then whisper'd Love, "Oh, maiden fair,
Ere morning sheds its ray,
Thy lover calls ;—all peril dare,
And haste to horse away !
In time of need,
Yon gallant steed,
That champs the rein, delay reproving,
Shall each peril bear thee by,
With his master's charmer roving ;
List ! dear, 'tis I ;
List ! list, list, love ; list ! dear, 'tis I ;
With thine own true Soldier fly."

And now the gallant Soldier's Bride,
She's fled her home afar,
And chance, or joy, or wo betide,
She'll brave with him the war !
And bless the hour,
When 'neath the tower,
He whisper'd soft, "Oh, nothing fearing,
With thine own true soldier fly,
And his faithful heart be cheering :
List ! dear, 'tis I ;
List ! list, list, love ; list ! dear, 'tis I ;
With thine own true Soldier fly."

She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his wo ;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow :
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw ;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
Ilk feature—auld nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law,
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling
The amorous thrush concludes his sang :
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,

And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'est me best of a'.

Croos-keen Lawn.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,
While I more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day,
With my smiling little Croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn,
Oh, my smiling little Croos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma Croos-keen
Sleante gar ma voor meh neen
Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban, ban, ban,
Agus gramachree ma cooleen ban.

In court with manly grace,
Should Sir Toby plade his case,
And the merits of his cause make known,
Without his cheerful glass,
He'd be stupid as an ass,
So he takes a little croos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips so dry,
Though the lark should proclaim it is dawn,
But if we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another Croos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

And when grim death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run,
I'll say, begone you slave,
For great Bacchus gives me lave
Just to fill another Coos-keen lawn.
Leante ruma, &c.

The Glasses Sparkle on the Board.

The glasses sparkle on the board,
The wine is ruby bright,
The reign of pleasure is restor'd,
Of ease and gay delight;
The day is gone, the night's our own,
Then let us feast the soul,
If any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl,
Why drown it in the bowl;
If any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

This world, they say's a world of wo,
But that I do deny;
Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
Or pain from beauty's eye?
The wise are fools, with all their rules,
When they would joy control;
If life's a pain, I say again,
Let's drown it in the bowl.

The time flies fast, the poet sings,
Then surely it is wise,
In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And seize him as he flies;
This night is ours, then strew with flowers
The moments as they roll,
If any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since then it grows, and looks, and smells,
Not of itself, but thee.

She walks in Beauty.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure—how dear the dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day in parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Nothing True but Heaven.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

Love has Eyes.

Love's blind, they say—
Oh! never, nay,
Can words Love's grace impart?
The fancy, weak,
The tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart:
In one soft look what language lies;
O! yes, believe me, love has eyes

Love's wing'd, they cry—
O! never I—
No—pinions love to soar;
Deceivers rove,
But never Love,
• Attach'd he moves no more:
Can he have wings who never flies?
And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

New-Orleans, or the Sons of the West.

Brave sons of the West, your deeds of renown
Unfold a new scene for the world to admire ;
Your valor unrivall'd, all Europe will crown,
As a subject for praise and a theme for the lyre ;
You've ennobled the waters on which you were born,
Mississippi emerges resplendent in story—
Mid the scenes that with triumph our country adorn,
New Orleans arises unequall'd in glory.

Brave sons of the West, the blood in your veins,
At danger's approach, waited not for persuaders ;
You rush'd from your mountains, your hills and
your plains,
And follow'd your streams to repel the invaders.
You came, you encounter'd, you conquer'd the host
That Britain had dar'd to debark on your shores ;
New Orleans for ever your valor will boast,
And Mississippi murmur your praise as it pours.

Proud leaders of Britain your fortune behold !
Embark'd in " a secret and grand expedition,"
You sail'd to gain triumph, and *eke to get gold* ;
You landed—march'd forward—and met your
perdition !

The plain of New Orleans, ensanguined and red
With Britain's best blood, affords illustration
How many fine columns to conquest were led !
How few have return'd from the " grand demon-
stration !"

At a point so remote, you hoped to surprise,
And find a rich city devoid of protection ;
You knew not what faithful and vigilant eyes
Were watching your movements in every direction :
With the eye of an eagle when guarding his nest,
MONROE saw their fav'rite New Orleans in danger,

And sent to brave Jackson the sons of the West,
To welcome and bury the bones of the stranger.

Brave sons of the West, all Europe will praise
The promptness with which you performed your
commission ;

The world will admit that your conduct displays
A zeal to move on with a " great expedition ;"
E'en Wellington's duke, who in France and in Spain
Oft sacrificed legions of Buonaparte's martyrs,
Will swear, when he hears that his generals are slain,
Our Western backwoodsmen are certainly *Tartars*.

The Dying Soldier to his Sword.

Friend in the battle day,
My father's sword and mine,
I cast thee now away
For ever thee resign.
The bitter conflict's past,
This palsied arm doth shrink,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
My spirits fade and sink.
Yet, ere I breathe my last adieu,
I turn to thee, companion true ;
And for the aid thou didst afford,
I thank thee well, my own good-sword !

Tho' dimm'd thy once bright blade,
With foemen's blood imbu'd,
Thy strength is undecay'd,
Thy courage unsubdu'd.
When I am dead and gone,
Thou'lt gleam again on high,
Some hand will bear thee on
To deeds of victory.
Yet, ere I breathe, &c.

Yo heave ho.

My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little
service

Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow ;
I have sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jervis,

And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo
heave ho !

Yet more shall ye be knowing,

I was cockswain to Boscawen,

And even with brave Hawke I've nobly faced the foe.

Then put round the grog,

So we've that and our prog,

We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was snivelling seen on the beach below,
I'd like to catch my eyes snivelling too, d'ye see to
thank her,

But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho ;

For sailors though they have their jokes,

They love and feel like other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go ;

So I seiz'd the capstan bar,

Like a true honest tar,

And in spite of tears and sighs sung yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time, when the little
ones were sickly,

And if they'd live or die, the doctor did not know ;

The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so
quickly,

I thought my heart would break as I sung yo heave ho.

For Poll's just like her mother ;

And as for Jack, her brother,

The boy when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe ;

But in Providence I trust,
What must be, must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo
heave ho.

And now at last, laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-
mission,

Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to
face the foe.

Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of old England sing out yo heave ho.

Ah no! Dearest, no!

It is not where bright eyes are brightest,
Nor sweetest music wakes the tongue,
Nor where the bounding step is lightest,
A thousand gay compeers among.
'Tis not where beams the loveliest beauty
That round the heart a spell can throw,
Aught can of mine defeat the duty,
No, dearest, no! ah no! dearest, no!

It is not where the diamond trembles,
Beneath the proudly glittering dome,
Where pleasure all her train assembles,
And seeks the heart in vain a home,
A smile, a power, can e'er be given,
That worship'd charm to overthrow
That sheds o'er thee a grace of heaven,
No, dearest, no! ah no! dearest, no!

**New Westlin Winds and Slaught'ring
Guns.**

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns,
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moor-cock springs on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather ;
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains ;
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel-bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus, ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander ;
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow.
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk
Till the silent moon shines clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear, how I love thee dearly !
Not vernal showers to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

Come, take the Harp.

Come, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see !
Oh ! take harp, and let me lose,
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee !
Sing to me, love ! though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet !
Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate when thou art nigh !
Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We used to love, long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas ! they bleed to know !
Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh ! pray thee cease—
I cannot bear those sounds again !
Art thou, too, wretched ? yes, thou art ;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

William Tell.

When William Tell was doom'd to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread!
The warrior came serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies;
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—"he dies! he dies!"
When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
The mark is hit! the child is free!
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty!
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes.

Farewell to Lochaber.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I ha'e mony days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd ;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd.
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win glory and fame ;
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Go, my Love.

A Rondo—As sung by Miss KELLY.

Go, my love ! nor believe that your Claribel's heart,
For a moment will ask you to stay ;
When the stern voice of honor commands us to part,
When by duty you're summon'd away.

Yet that fond anxious feelings my bosom assail,
The throbs of that bosom declare ;
Tho' no fears for your honor or courage prevail,
Yet fears for your safety are there.

Go, my love ! though my heart may beat quick,
When I hear of the dangers and heat of the fight ;
Yet believe me, each pulse that now quivers with
fear,
Soon will change to the throb of delight.

I was the Boy for Bewitching 'em.

I was the boy for bewitching 'em,

Whether good-humor'd or coy,

All cried when I was beseeching 'em,

"Do what you will with me, joy."

"Daughters be cautious and steady,"

Mammies would cry out of fear,

"Won't you take care now of Teddy ?

Oh ! he's the devil, my dear !"

For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

From every quarter I gather'd 'em,

Very few rivals had I ;

If I found any, I lather'd 'em,

That made 'em plaguily shy.

Pat Mooney my Shelah once meeting,

I twigg'd him beginning his clack ;

Says he, "at my heart I've a beating ;"

Says I, "then take one at your back."

For I am the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,

When other wooers but spoke,

Once if I look'd her a die-away,

There was an end of the joke.

Beauties, no matter how cruel,

Hundreds of lads tho' they cross'd,

When I came nigh to them, jewel,

Melted like mud in a frost.

For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

Blue-eyed Mary.

Come, tell me, blue-ey'd stranger,

Say, whither dost thou roam ?

O'er this wide world a ranger,

Hast thou no friends or home ?

They call'd me blue-ey'd Mary,
When friends and fortune smil'd ;
But ah ! how fortunes vary,
I now I'm sorrow's child.

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot,
Still wet with waning showers,
I'll buy, forget me not.

Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth,
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smil'd ;
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.

There's a Bliss.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Oh! am I then Remembered.

Oh am I then remember'd still?
Remember'd too by thee!
Or am I quite forgot by one
Whom I no more shall see?
Yet say not so, for that would add
Fresh anguish to my lot.
I dare not hope to be recall'd—
Yet would not be forgot.

Had they who parted us but known
How hearts like ours can feel,
They would have spared us both a pang
Beyond their power to heal.
I know not if thy heart retains
Its wonted warmth or not:
Though I'm forbid to think of thee—
Thou'lt never be forgot.

May'st thou enjoy that peace of mind
Which I can never know;
If that's denied, my prayer shall be,
That I may share thy wo.
Where'er thou art, my every wish
Will linger o'er that spot;
My every thought will be of thee,
Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
Thou'lt find that I am changed:
My eyes grown dim, my cheek grown pale,
But not my faith estranged.
From memory's page the hand of death
Alone thy name shall blot;
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt—
Thou'lt never be forgot.

Oh, come with me.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

Oh, come with me, I'll row thee o'er
Yon blue and peaceful sea ;
And while I gently ply the oar,
Renew my vows to thee ;
I'll bid thee gaze beneath thee,
On each reflected star ;
Then think my soul reflects thee
As true, but brighter far,
Then come with me, &c.

O ! could I count the stars above
The wild waves' ceaseless swell,
My deep, my pure, my boundless love
To thee I could not tell.
As soon the stars may cease to rise,
The waves forget to flow,
Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,
And cease to love thee—no !
Then come with me, &c.

I saw from the Beach.

AIR—Miss Molly.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shi
ning,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was decli
ning,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !
Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebb
from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of
Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's
best light.
Oh, who would not welcome that moment's return-
ing,
When passion first wak'd a new life through his
frame ;
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in
burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

**O saw ye the Lass wi' the bonnie
Blue Een.**

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

O saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een ?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween ;
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee ;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,
Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.

• O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glén,
She'll steal out to meet her lov'd Donald again ;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

O saw ye the lass, &c.

Come, Rest in this Bosom.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is
still here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last !

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame ?
I knew not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss ;
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this ;
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

Oft in the stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's hours,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

My Bark is upon the deep, Love.

My bark is upon the deep, love,
My comrades impatient call,
Awake, while the fairies sleep, love,
Awake thee ! more bright than all.
Awake ! awake ! Rosalia dear, awake.

The sun may dry up the tear, love,
That hangs on the drooping flower,
But cold will its rays appear, love,
Away from my lady's bower.
But cold, &c.

Awake ! for yon splashing oar, love,
Its diamonds now throws to light,
And faint from the distant shore, love,
My summons comes over the night.
And faint, &c.

I go—but ere yonder star, love,
Shall set in the mighty sea,
Thy Carlos shall seek the war, love,
To gather its wreaths for thee.
Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !
Rosalia, love; farewell !

This Life is all Checker'd.

AIR—The Bunch of green Rushes.

This life is all checker'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is called up ere the tear can be
dried ;
And as fast as the rain-drop of pity is shed,
The goose plumage of folly can turn it aside.

But pledge me the cup, if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of
play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn, and
have tasted

That fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have
wasted,

And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet—while idleness weaves
Her flow'rets together, if wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Honi soit qui mal y pense,
English knights their motto bear,
Candor claims the same pretence,
For our France, and for our fair;
Then wherefore frown and look severely?
Chase thy sullens, dismal swain,
List the speech that flows sincerely,
List and trust, then smile again.
How! still that frown of awful sense?
Ah! honi soit qui mal y pense,
Honi soit qui mal y pense;
English knights their motto bear,
Candor claims the same pretence,
For our France, and for our fair.

Love, when shrin'd in nobler natures,
Scorns with doubts to dim its ray,
Shines reveal'd in all our features,
Clear and open as the day ;
Nay, prythee then, your fears beguiling,
Smooth the horrors of that face ;
Turn this way, and simp'ring, smiling,
Strive to win a lady's grace.
How ! still that frown of awful sense ?
Ah ! honi soit qui mal y pense,
Honi soit qui, &c.

I love my Jean.

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

Of a' the airs the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild-woods grow, and rivers flow,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air ;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw soft .
Among the leafy trees ;
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale
Bring hame the laden bees :

And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat-an' clean ;
Ae blink o' her would banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

I see her in the glassy stream
That winds along the vale,
I hear her in sweet echo's voice
That dies along the gale ;
I'll love her while a vital spark
Shall shed its latest gleam,
Gay nature's charms would soon depart
If 'twere na for my Jean.

Oh! merry row the Bonnie Bark.

Oh! merry row! Oh! merry row,
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
Bring back my love to calm my wo,
Before the night grows dark.
My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow white rose upon it too ;
A highland lad is he.
Then merry row, Oh! merry row,
The bonnie, bonnie bark ;
Oh! merry row the bonnie, bonnie bark ;
And bring him safe to me!

As to the pebbly beach I stray'd,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a lowland maid,
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose—the waves ran high,
The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky ;
The wind did loudly roar.

But they merry row'd the bonnie bark,
The bonnie bark, the bonnie bark,
They merry row'd the bonnie, bonnie bark,
And brought her love on shore.

The Rural Clown.

How happy lives the rural Clown,
That's far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glories of a crown,
And in his safe retreat
He's pleased in his low degree,
He's rich in decent poverty ;
From strife, from care, from business free,
At once, both good and great.

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no dangers from the deep,
No noisy laws, or courts can keep
Vexation on his mind,—
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare,
From states' intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfined.

Now by some purling stream he lies,
And angles with his hook and flies,
Amidst those sylvan scenes he tries
His spirits to regale ;
Then from some rock, or height, he views
His fleecy flock and teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, invokes his muse
That waits his humble call.

Then through some shady myrtle grove,
A faithful scene of rural love,
And warbling birds on blooming boughs,
Afford a fresh delight—

Then O ! how pleasant is this life,
Bless'd with a chaste and loving wife,
And children prattling, free from strife,
Around his fire-side at night.

Friend of my Soul.

By T. MOORE.

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase the pensive tear ;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh ! 'tis more sincere :
Like her delusive beam
'Twill steal away thy mind ;
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These flowers were culled at noon ;
Like woman's love, the rose will fade,
But, ah ! not half so soon !
But, though the flower's decayed,
Its fragrance is not dead,
But once when love is decayed,
The heart can bloom no more.

Oh ! say not Pleasure waits on Love.

AIR—" Banks and braes of bonnie Doun."

Oh ! say not pleasure waits on love,
The foremost of her varied train ;
Oh ! say not that 'tis sweet to love—
I love, and yet feel nought but pain.
Yet still I'll love, what'er betide,
And if a single joy there be,
'Tis fondly cherished in the pride,
The grateful pride of loving thee.

The Rose of Allandale

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her highland cot,
And wander'd forth with me :
Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
Tho' fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour :
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,
And rent her shivering sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land ;
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,
The rose of Allandale.

My native Land, good Night.

Adieu ! adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell, awhile, to him and thee,
My native land, good night !

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor heed what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves,
And, when ye fail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves,—
My native land, good night!

Huntsman's Song and Chorus.

Oh! what can compare to the huntsman's bold
pleasure!

For whom is the goblet so rich and so free?
To rise from the grass at the horn's cheering measure,
And follow the stag thro' the forest and lea.
Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,
Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:
When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,
More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing
bowl.

Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
When rocks with their echoes, and forests are
near us,
More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing bowl.
Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Diana at night shines brilliantly o'er us,
And aids us with coolness and shadows by day,
To chase the grim wolf from his coverts before us,
And bring the wild boar in his fury to bay.
Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,
Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:
When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,
More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing
bowl.

Yo ho! tral, la, &c.



I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

AIR—"The Rose Tree."

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too :
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
Hadst thou been like them untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me ;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me,
Along the path I've yet to roam,
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveler at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt ;
But soon the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which heaven sheds !

The Pilot.

Oh, Pilot ! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.
Go down ! the sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee ;
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah ! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves,
But to subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me :
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulph'd
My Father's lifeless form ;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm ;
And such, perhaps, may by my fate,—
But still I say to thee,
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Marian Ramsay,

As sung by Mrs. KNIGHT.

I am Marian Ramsay, from Scotland I come—
All adown the green vale, where the violets are
springing,
And much I should grieve from dear Scotland to part,
But I'm come to the south, sir, to get a sweetheart,
With my fal, la, la, la, while the birds are a singing.

They say, that my relation is a mighty odd man,
All away from the dale where the violets are spring-
ing.

'Tis you, sir, I'm sure, for the truth to reveal,
As we say in the north, you're a comical chiel.
With my fal, la, &c.

So get me a sweetheart, and bid me good bye,
All away to the dale where the violets are springing
If the bonnie lad's willing, I'm now in my prime,
And sure 'tis a pity to lose any time.
With my fal, la, &c.

Away, my bounding Steed, away!

Away, my bounding steed, away,
I ride for princely halls;
Ay, paw the ground and proudly neigh,
The tourney trumpet calls.

Nay spur and speed, thou gallant knight,
Or lose the meed of fame;
Vouch in the lists thy lady's right,
And conquer in her name.

The challenge breath'd, I cast my glove;
All rivals thus I dare;
In arms I'll prove my lady-love
The fairest of the fair.

Now poise the temper'd lance on high—
It shivers on my shield—
Then forth two flashing rapiers fly,
And skill decides the field.

The joust is done, the prize is won,
And merry is the victor's eye;
Pass wine-cups round, while clarions sound
The joys of love and chivalry.

The Happy Swiss Boy,

Come over the mountains, my bonny Swiss boy,
And haste to thy labor away.

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.,

The sun now shows his rosy beams,
The flocks are hasting to the streams,

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

You will find me, you'll find me a happy Swiss boy,
As I trip o'er the hills, far away,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

And while I watch my flocks and herds,
And listen to the warbling birds,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

A Soldier's Gratitude,

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,

By sorrow still oppress'd,

I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home

That gave the wanderer rest.

Then ever rove life's sunny banks,

By sweetest flow'rets strew'd;

Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,

A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,

That meek-eyed pity gave,

My last expiring hour shall cheer,

And bless the wanderer's grave.

Then ever rove, &c.

We Met.

We met! 'twas in a crowd, and I thought he would
shun me;
He came! I could not breathe, for his eye was upon
me!
He spoke! his words were cold, and his smile was
unalter'd;
I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice
faltered;
I wore my bridal robe, and I rivalled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair, how I hated their
brightness!
He call'd me by my name, as the bride of another;
Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish—my
mother!

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him;
He smil'd and whisper'd low, as I once used to hear
him;
She leant upon his arm—once 'twas mine and mine
only!
I wept!—for I deserv'd to feel wretched and lonely.
And she will be his bride! at the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay, for my feelings I
smother;
Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish—my
mother!

The Secret of Singing,

By B. CORNWALL.

Lady, sing no more!
Science all is vain,
Till the heart be touch'd, lady,
And give forth its pain.

'Tis a hidden lyre,
Cherish'd near the sun,
O'er whose witching wire, lady,
Fairy fingers run.

Pity comes in tears,
From her home above,
Hope, and sometimes fears, lady.
And the wizard,—Love!

Each doth search the heart,
To its utmost springs,
And when they depart, lady,
Then the Spirit sings!

Pray, Goody,

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancor of your
tongue,
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes!
Remember, when the judgement's weak, the prejudice
is strong,

A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me, try me,
Prove, ere you deny me,
If you cast me off you blast me, never more to rise!
Pray, Goody, &c.

Be mine, dear Maid,

As sung by Mr. SINCLAIR.

Be mine, dear maid, this faithful heart
Can never prove untrue;
'Twere easier far with life to part,
Than cease to live for you.

My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine ;
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine.

Then turn thee not away, my dear,
Oh, turn thee not away, love ;
For by the light of truth I swear,
To love thee night and day, love.

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
Mine ear thy tuneful voice ;
But 'tis my heart thy heart approves,
A life-enduring choice.
The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Ere I by change or coldness wring
Thy fond confiding breast.
Then turn, &c.

Love from the Heart.

// As sung by Madame VESTRIS.

Yes, I will leave my father's halls
To roam along with thee ;
Adieu, adieu, my native walls,
To other scenes I flee.
Yes we will seek the silent glade,
When we have stray'd afar,
And you shall play, my dearest maid,
Songs on your light guitar.

Love, gentle love, shall be our guide
To a far distant land,
And whether bliss or wo betide,
This heart you shall command.
I'll tell you tales of olden years—
Of hapless love or war ;
But should they cause you pearly tears,
Then strike the light guitar.

Brignal Banks.

Words by Sir W. SCOTT—Music by Dr. CLARKE.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turret high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—
O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as queen of May.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen,

I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's green wood.
A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.

Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May !

With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.
I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O, though Brignal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my queen of May !

Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die ;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I !
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen .

"She never blamed him, never.

She never blam'd him, never,
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same !

But vainly did she dissemble,
For whene'er she'd try to smile,
A tear, unbidden, trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom,
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom !
She knew her cheek was alter'd,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only falter'd,
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true, that he had lur'd her
From the isle where she was born ;
'Tis true, he had inured her,
To the cold world's cruel scorn :
But yet she never blam'd him,
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him,
Yet she thought of him alone.

She sigh'd when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part,
She spoke not, when he press'd her
To his young and panting heart !
The banners wav'd around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound ;
They pass'd—and strangers found her
Cold, and lifeless on the ground ! "

The Lily of France.

Let the banner of France be unfurl'd,
Fair and bright as the forehead of day,
Tho' defiance it bade to the world,
Her knighthood would spring to the fray ;

Like shaft from the cross-bow that bounds,
Speeds each youth, gaily couching his lance,
And through legions one war cry resounds,
‘I fight for the lily of France!’

My faith proudly vouch’d by my blood
Let fate strike me young on my bier,
I’d smile upon life’s ebbing flood,
If enrich’d but by woman’s fond tear.
Form of beauty, beam *thou* o’er my side,
And Death should like triumph advance,
Oh, glory! Oh, soul-cheering pride—
‘I die for the lily of France!’

Swiss Hunter’s Welcome Home.

While the hunter o’er the mountain, at daybreak is
bounding,
By the wild rilly fountain, the chamois descries,
Through the mist of the morning, his halloo re-
sounding,
Every fear nobly scorning, still onward he flies.
When the hunter o’er the mountain,
At daybreak is bounding,
By the wild rilly fountain,
The chamois descries, the chamois, &c.

He tracks in the snow print, the flight of the ran-
ger!

He brushes the dew-tint, where cataracts foam;
The hunter pursuing, surmounts every danger,
The swift chase renewing, till night calls him
home.

When the hunter o’er the mountain,
At daybreak is bounding,
In search of the chamois,
Unwearied he flies, unwearied he flies.

From the toils of the chase the bold hunter returning,
With joy views his cot in the valley below.
When the hunter o'er the mountain, from the chase
is returning,
To his cot near the fountain, with rapture he flies.
Then content in his cottage,
While gently reposing,
From woman's bright smile
Meets a sweet welcome home, a sweet, &c.

Fly to the Desert.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;
But Oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without!

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,

And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then !

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone ;
New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lev'd for years !

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away which thou hast sworn,
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base
To give to me the ruin'd place ;

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine !

The Raising.

Come muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine :
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm, and our citizens free.

* The hudhud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

Come, up with the plates, lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they're the ground-work of
all;

Examine them well, and see that they're sound,
Let no rotten parts in our building be found;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Our government firm and our citizens free.

Now hand up the girders, lay each in his place,
Between them the joists must divide all the space;
Like assembly-men, these should lie level along,
Like girders, our senate prove loyal and strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm, over citizens free.

The rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,
And drive your pins home to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine:
For the roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm, over citizens free.

Our king-posts are judges—now upright they stand,
Supporting the braces, the laws of the land;
The laws of the land which divide right from wrong,
And strengthen the weak, by weakening the strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Laws equal and just for a people that's free.

Lo! up with the rafters—each frame is a state!
How noble they rise! their span too how great!
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they
extend,
And rest on the walls, while the walls they defend;
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the purlins, and drive your pins thro',
And see that your joints are drawn home, and all true;

The purlins will bind all the rafters together,
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather;

For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
United as States, but as citizens free.

Come, raise up the turret, our glory and pride :
In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to preside .
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
Its pillars and arches, and towering height :

Our roof is now raised, and our song still shall be,
A federal Head, o'er a people still free.

Huzza ! my brave boys, our work is complete,
The world shall admire Columbia's fair seat :
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our Roof.

While we drain the deep bowl our toast still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

The Watchman.

Good night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly ;
'Tis time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry,
" Past twelve o'clock !" —good night !

Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas ! why is it so ?—
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go.
" Past one o'clock !" —good night !

Now wrap thy cloak about thee :—
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're past without thee,
They're, oh ! ten times as long.
" Past two o'clock !" —good night !

Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight!
And see the sky,—'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night!
“Past three o'clock!”—good night.

O this is no my ain Lassie.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
She's bonny, blooming, straight and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall,
And ay it charms my very soul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
A thief sae cunning is my Jean,
To steal a blink by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

The Thistle.

Air—Jockie to the Fair.

Around the full bowl let us chaunt the sweet son-
 net,
 And drain the bright glass to the bonny blue bon-
 net,
 And swear that a tyrant or slave ne'er shall own it,
 While Scotland can wield the broad blade.
 Green, green grows auld Scotia's thistle, o';
 Sweet, sweet blows her soft sounding whistle, o';
 Love, beauty, and innocence nestle o',
 Bilthe in her green tartan plaid.

Her mountains we'll sing, where the pibroch is swell-
 ing,
 Where freedom and valor have chosen their dwelling,
 And many a cairney is silently telling
 Where Scotia's heroes are laid.

Green, green, &c.

O sing her deep glens and the burn sweetly flowing,
 And valleys adorn'd with the bonny white gowan,
 Where nature delighted, is gracefully showing,
 That there all her charms are display'd.

Green, green, &c.

From scenes so endearing, tho' fortune may tear us,
 Fond hope and remembrance can still bring them near
 us,

All hallow'd with gloried deeds of the heroes
 Who wielded auld Caledon's blade.

Green, green, &c.

Then here's to auld Scotland, no tyrant could chain
yet ;

And here's to her bonnet, that ne'er wore a stain yet,
And here's to her brave, who have hearts they would
drain yet,

To guard the blue bonnet and plaid.

Green, green, &c.

Boys of Switzerland.

Our cot was shelter'd by a wood,
And near a lake's green margin stood ;
A mountain bleak behind us frown'd,
Whose top the snow in summer crown'd.
But pastures rich and warm to boot,
Lay smiling at the mountain's foot ;
There first we frolick'd hand in hand,
Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When scarcely old enough to know
The meaning of a tale of woe,
'Twas then by mother we were told
That father in his grave lay cold ;
That livelihoods were hard to get,
And we too young to labor yet ;
And tears within her eyes would stand,
For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother, as we grew,
We work'd as much as boys could do ;
Our daily gains to her we bore :—
But ah ! she'll ne'er receive them more.
For long we watch'd beside her bed,
Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead :
And now we wander hand in hand,
Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

The Farewell.

Oh! remember the lone one whose thoughts will oft
trace,

In the mirror of fancy, your form and your face;
And, rudely between us, tho' proud waters swell,
Still think of the one who now bids you farewell!
Farewell! farewell!

When your hand shall be press'd by the one you
adore,

When your mem'ry revisits the far distant shore,
Where kindred, and science, and liberty dwell,
Then think of the one who now bids you farewell!
Farewell! farewell!

When the smile of affection dispels all your cares,
When the one that is dearer your sympathy shares;
Tho' wrapt and enchanted in love's charming spell,
Then think of the one who now bids you farewell!
Farewell! farewell!

The land of the Thistle.

AIR—"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

Dear land of the Thistle, tho' far, far away,
And 'twixt us rolls widely the sea,
Yet still, Caledonia, wherever we stray,
Our hearts throb with fondness for thee.

Still dear are our hills, tho' the stormy cloud lours
All bleak o'er their summits of snow;
For oh! they are nature's own fortress of towers,
To guard freedom's sons from the foe.

Like pure melted diamonds thy bright burnies flow,
All sparkling along thy green vales;
Where snow-crested daisies and primroses grow,
Perfuming thy health-breathing gales.

The lark sweetly pouring his lay to the morn,
The thrush hymning soft thro' the grove;
The linnet sweet warbling amid the green thorn,
Can charm every bosom to love.

With life's early ties, in our bosom are bound
These scenes deeply etch'd on its core;
And graceful to guard them, are woven around,
The deeds of thy glowing claymore.

Then here's to auld Caledon's bright-gleaming blade,
To freedom and bravery so true;
And here's to thy light-waving gay tartan plaid,
And "hurrah for the bonnets of blue."

Love thee, dearest.

Love thee, dearest, love thee,
Yes—by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears above thee,
Shines so sadly fair.

Tho' too oft dim,
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine;
And love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.

A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine,
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—till death I'm thine.

Twilight Dews.

When twilight dews are falling fast
Upon the rosy sea,
I watch that star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee ;
And thou too on that orb so dear,
Ah ! dost thou gaze at even,
And think tho' lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven !

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee ;
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here
May turn to smiles in heaven !

To Day, Dearest, is ours,
To day, dearest, is ours,
Why should love carelessly lose it ?
This life shines or lours,
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flowers decay,
To think of the thorns of sorrow ;
And joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest ! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over !
Tho' now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devoutly thy lover,
Yet time from both in his silent lapse
Some treasure may steal or borrow ;
Thy charms may be less in bloom perhaps,
Or I less in love to-morrow.

Alice Gray.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely ! she's divine !
But her heart is another's,
She never can be mine ;
Yet lov'd I, as man ne'er lov'd,
A love without decay,
Oh ! my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided
O'er a brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight.
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

For her I'd climb the mountain side,
For her I'd stem the flood—
For her I'd dare the battle strife,
Tho' I seal'd it with my blood.
By night I'd watch her slumbers,
And tend her steps by day—
But scorn'd is the heart that's breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sank beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast,
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The heavy conflict's past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
' Oh ! his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls.

AIR—Gramachree.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er ;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes ;
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Take heed ! whisper low.

Behold ! how brightly breaks the morning,
Tho' bleak our lot, our hearts are warm ;
To toil inured, all danger scorning,
We'll hail the breeze or brave the storm.
Put off, put off, our course we know,
Take heed, whisper low :
Look out and spread your net with care ;
Take heed, whisper low—
The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

Away ! no cloud is low'ring o'er us,
Freely now we'll stem the wave :
Hoist, hoist all sail, while full before us,
Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.
Put off, put off, our, &c.

Smile again, my bonnie Lassie.

Smile again my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, smile again!
Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie,
For it gives me pain.
If to love thee too sincerely
Be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely
Is not kind in thee.
Smile again, &c.

Fare-thee-well, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, fare-ye-well,
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
More than tongue can tell.
Though we're doom'd by fate to sever,
(And 'tis hard to part)
Still, believe me, thou shalt ever
Own my faithful heart.
Then, smile again, &c.

Rest! Warrior, rest.

As sung by Miss KELLY.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight;
He comes thro' the storm and the darkness of night;
For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow,
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.
Rest! warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell.

Of his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall roam,
And in slumber revisit his love and his home,
Where the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam :
Ah ! who would awake from so blissful a dream ?
Rest ! warrior, rest !

Come down to the lattice.

Come down to the lattice,
Come down, love, and list,
When eve lights her stars
In the purple of mist.
My heart like a traveller,
Long journeying afar,
Looks up to thy zenith,
Hope's beautiful star.

I have vows for thy bosom
To sigh unto truth,
I have perilous tales
Of the bridal of youth.
O come to the lattice, love,
Come thee and list,
When the stars are so bright
In the beautiful mist.

Pensez a moi, ma chere amie !

When sorrow clouds thy dream of mirth,
And promised joys fade too soon,
When flowers lie scentless on the earth,
Nor hope is left to gild the gloom ;
Then while sad thy heart may be,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie !

When music sheds its sweetest lay,
When dying winds are heard at night,
And fancy with some magic ray
Shall soothe the breast with visions bright ;

Then while thy heart is calm and free,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie !

Fate may sunder ties the nearest,
As now it tears this form from thine,
Hearts whose love is purest, dearest,
Feel the blight that's withering mine ;
Yet still with life 'twill cling to thee,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie !

But now adieu—one pearly tear
Is stealing down thy fever'd cheek,
To kindred souls how sweet, how dear,
Expressing more than tongue can speak !
Pure as that tear my faith shall be,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie !

The Harper's song.

Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast ;
I have wander'd all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray ;
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in.

Bid not me in battle field,
Buckler lift, or broad sword wield ;
All my strength and all my art,
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel string.

I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright ;
Fairy tale to lull the ear,
Goblin grim the maids to scare ;
Dark the night, and long till day :
Do not bid me farther stray

Say, my heart, why wildly beating,

Say, my heart, why wildly beating,

Dost thou such emotion prove?

Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,

Fear his truth or doubt his love?

No, gently no, my bosom sighs;

No, gently no, my heart replies:

Then, fond heart, be silent, ever

Be thy wild emotion o'er,

For with doubt and fearing

Never shalt thou throb,

No, no, no, never more,

No, no, no, never more.

Light of life, and life's best blessing,

Is the love that meets return;

Shall I, that rich boon possessing,

E'er the matchless blessing spurn?

No, fondly no, my bosom sighs:

No, gently no, my heart replies:

Then be joy my inmate ever,

Since each anxious dread is o'er;

For with fear and doubting

Never shall it throb,

No, no, no, never more,

No, no, no, never more.

My heart is thine,

Ask not why it is I love thee,

Why?—Why is heaven divine?

I only know I cannot tell thee,

But my heart, my heart is thine.

Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh?

Why cease, why cease the stars to shine?

I cannot solve, I know not why,

But my heart, my heart is thine.

Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh ?
Why cease, why cease the stars to shine ?
I cannot solve, I know not why,
But my heart, my heart is thine.

Though others smile with kindness on me,
This heart, this heart alone is thine,
Its every pulse an off'ring to thee,
So hallowed is its shrine.
The sun will hold his onward course,
Thus does my love, my love incline
To thee, and nought on earth can force
My heart, my heart from being thine.

In vain thou bid'st me to forget thee,
Death will first, will first be mine—
E'en then my fitting soul shall bless thee,
For my heart, my heart is thine.
Each thought that haunts my fever'd brain,
From love's first dawn is thine, is thine,
And this the latest, breathes again
That my heart, my heart is thine.

The Sailor's Tear,

He leap'd into his boat,
As it lay upon the strand ;
But oh ! his heart was far away,
With his friends upon the land ;
He thought of those he lov'd the best,
A wife and infant dear,
And feeling fill'd the sailor's breast,
The sailor's eye a tear.

They stood upon the far-off cliff,
And wav'd a kerchief white,
And gaz'd upon his gallant bark,
Till she was out of sight ;

The sailor cast a look behind,
No longer saw them near,
Then rais'd the canvas to his eye,
And wiped away a tear.

Ere long, o'er ocean's blue expanse
His sturdy bark had sped ;
The gallant sailor from her prow
Descries a sail ahead ;
And then he rais'd his mighty arm,
Columbia's foes were near ;
Ay, then he rais'd his arm, but not
To wipe away a tear.

Teach me, oh ! teach me to forget.

Friends depart, and memory takes them,
To her caverns pure and deep ;
And a forc'd smile only wakes them,
From the shadows where they sleep.
Who shall school the heart's affection ?
Who shall banish its regret ?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget.

Bear me not to festive bowers,
'Twas with them I sat there last ;
Weave me not spring's early flowers,
They'll remind me of the past.
Music seems like mournful wailing,
In the halls where we have met,
Mirth's gay call is unavailing ;
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget !

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light ;
He would rather watch the embers
Of a Love that once was bright ;

Who shall school the heart's affection ?
Who shall banish its regret ?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh ! teach me to forget !

Seek not with gold or glittering gem.

Seek not with gold or glitt'ring gem,
My simple heart to move ;
To share a kingly diadem,
Would never gain my love.
The heart that's form'd in virtue's mould,
For heart should be exchang'd ;
The love that once is bought with gold,
May be by gold estrang'd.

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind,
Or calm the soul to rest ?
What healing balm can riches find
To soothe the bleeding breast ?
'Tis love, and love alone, has power
To bless without alloy ;
To cheer affliction's darkest hour,
And heighten ev'ry joy.
Seek not with, &c.

A Soldier's the lad I adore.

A soldier's the lad I adore,
Though he's far from his friends and his home ;
Love grant I may see him once more,
And march to the roll of his drum.

With plume in his helm, and his sword
By his side, and a hero-like show,
He march'd to the field at the glorious word,
And beat the retreat of the foe.

Full many a youth have I seen,
Who has whisper'd affection to me ;
But give me the lad with a doublet of green,
Who can beat freedom's reveille.

Should he fall, but I hope he may not,
His spirit shall dwell with the brave,
His deeds by his country shall ne'er be forgot
While Freedom weeps over his grave.

Then march to the roll of the drum,
It summons the brave to the plain.
Where heroes contend for the home
Which perchance they may ne'er see again.

•
Lord Ullin's Daughter,

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"—

" Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

•
" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover !"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief—I'm ready ;—

It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady ;

" And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, tho' the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith* was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heav'n each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

" O haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
" Tho' tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, thro' storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

* The evil spirit of the waters.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—oh, my daughter !"—

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

The Sailor's last Whistle,

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast,
Poor Jack's mizen-topsail is laid to the mast ;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead,
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead ;
Yet, tho' worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel a wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck !

Secur'd in his cabin, he's moor'd in his grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave ;
Press'd by death, he is sent to the tender below,
Where seamen and lubbers must every one go.
Yet, tho' worms, &c.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on
board,
At length he dropt down to mortality's road ;
With eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully popt out, "my messmates, adieu !"
For, tho' worms, &c.

The Muleteer.

Soon as the sun his early ray
Across the misty mountain flings,
The Muleteer now takes his way,
And merrily thus he sweetly sings :

Oh haste, my mules, we must not creep,
Nor saunter on so slow ;
Our journey's long, the mountain steep,
We've many a league to go.

At fall of eve, his labor o'er,
He homeward hastes, and sings with glee ;
My mules, speed to my cottage door,
For there my Lilla waits for me.
Speed on, my mules, the sun sets fast,
The shades of night I see ;
There's many a league yet to be pass'd,
And Lilla waits for me.

The Muleteer's Return.

'Tis night—where strays my muleteer ?
Ah ! why does he from Lilla roam ?
For well he knows my heart is drear,
When he is from his mountain home ;
But soft ! what music greets mine ear ?
What strain comes o'er the dell ?
Oh ! joy to me, the night-winds bear
The sound of distant bell.
Oh ! speed ye, mules, the queen of night
Hath kiss'd the sparkling mountain rills,
And spread her fairest robes of light,
To guide ye o'er the dreary hills.
They come ! they come ! their tramp I hear,
Their weary forms I see,
And soon they'll bear my muleteer
In joy again to me.

My Highland Home.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy hills are crown'd with driven snow
And ice-bound are thy brooks ;

But colder far the Scotsman's heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart,—
My native Highland home.
Then gang with me to Scotland, dear,
We ne'er again will roam;
And with thy smiles, so bonnie, cheer
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
The cushat dove, within the dell,
Invites to peace and love:
For blithesome is the face of day,
And sweet's the bonnie broom:
And pure the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home.
Then gang with me to Scotland, &c.

Woman's Worth.

Oh! not when hopes are brightest,
Is all love's sweet enchantment known;
Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
Is all fond woman's fervor shown:
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
And the cold world is clothed in gloom,
When summer friends forsake us,
The rose of love is best in bloom.
Love is no wandering vapor,
That lures astray with treach'rous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark:
But like the lamp that lightens.
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens,
When all beside is chill below.

Tom Bowling.

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and truehearted,
His Poll was kind and fair ;
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches.
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Ingle Side.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,
Like a bonfire frae the sea ;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flow'ry lea ;
And fine it is on green hill side,
Where hums the bonnie bee :
But rarer, fairer, finer still,
Is the Ingle side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
And haughs hae a' the scented ware,
That simmer's growth can gie :
But the cantie hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That mak's to us a warl' complete,
Oh ! the Ingle side for me.

He Strikes the Minstrel Lyre.

Answer to ALICE GRAY.

He strikes the minstrel lyre again,
And happy is his song,
For brightly beams his laughing eye,
And rapture's on his tongue :
The clouds that darkened all his hopes,
Have floated all away ;
Her heart, her heart, is now his own,
He's loved by Alice Gray.

He quits the dark and sorrowing scene,
His cares are hushed to rest,
His pilgrimage is past and gone,
His faithful love is blest ;
And now for him, and him alone,
Her eye shines bright and gay ;
Her heart, her heart is now his own,
His bride is Alice Gray.

The Soldier Tired.

The soldier tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield ;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

The Ray that Beams Forever.

Composed by M. KELLY.

There is a bloom that never fades,
A Rose no storms can sever,
Beyond the Tulip's gaudy shades,
The ray that beams forever.

There is a charm surpassing art,
A charm in every feature,
That twines around the feeling heart,
It is thy voice, oh Nature!

Then, stranger, if thou fain wouldst find
This Rose no storm can sever,
Go seek it, stranger, in the *Mind*—
The ray that beams forever.

Chase that Starting Tear away,

Come, chase that starting tear away
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least to-night, be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings;
Like sunset gleams that linger late,
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.
Then chase that, &c.

To gild our dark'ning life, if heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendor now!
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light—
Then lost forever more.

The Broken Flower.

Oh! wear it on thy breast, my love,
Yet, yet a little while,
Sweetness is ling'ring on its leaves,
Tho faded be its smile.
Then for the sake of what hath been,
Oh, cast it not away,
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright golden day, my love,
A long, bright golden day.

A little while around thee, love,
Its odors yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy breast hath lain,
A sweet, tho' blighted thing.
But not e'en that warm heart hath pow'r,
To win it back from fate:
Oh! I am like this broken flow'r,
Cherish'd too late, loo late, my love,
Cherish'd, alas, too late.

The Light Guitar.

Sung by Madame FERON.

Oh! leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls, the halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forests green,
Beneath the silent night.
Then as we watch the ling'ring rays
That shine from every star,
I'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light guitar.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain;
And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again.

I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar,
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.

Answer to "The Light guitar."

Yes ! I will leave the festive scene,
The gay and courtly throng,
To wander through the forests green,
And listen to thy song.
The waters like a mirror seem,
For every beaming star ;
Then haste to yonder silent stream
And strike the light guitar.

And when thou tell'st of one, whose tears
Were shed for her true knight,
Bethink thee of thy maiden's fears
When thou wert in the fight—
Nor longer brave the battle plain,
Nor roam from me afar,
But sing hope's long forgotten strain,
And strike the light guitar.

Should these Fond Hopes.

Should these fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy young heart employ ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all the visions of youth and joy ;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst
banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone :

Oh! 'tis then, he, thou hast slighted,
Would come to cheer thee, when all seemed o'er,
When the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more:
Like that dear bird, we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone around;
But when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found.

The Mellow Horn.

At dawn, Aurora gaily breaks,
In all her proud attire,
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes,
Reflecting liquid fire.
All nature smiles to usher in
The blushing queen of morn;
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn.
And huntsmen with, &c.

At eve, when gloomy shades obscure
The tranquil Shepherd's cot,
When tinkling bells are heard no more,
And daily toil forgot;
'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,
On Zephyrs gently borne,
With witching cadence seems to float,
Around the mellow horn.
With witching cadence, &c.

As a Beam o'er the Face.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting!

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch, in the summer's bright
ray;

The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

With Helmet on his Brow.

Sung by Mr. POVER.

With helmet on his brow, and sabre on his thigh,
The soldier mounts his gallant steed to conquer or to
die:

His plume, like a pennon, streams on the wanton
summer wind,

In the path of glory still that white plume shalt thou
find;

Then let the trumpet's blast to the brazen drum
reply,

'A soldier must with honor live, or at once with
honor die.'

O bright as his own good sword, a soldier's fame
must be,

And pure as the plume that floats above his helm, so
white and free,

No fear in his heart must dwell, but the dread that
shame may throw

One spot upon that blade so bright, one stain on that
plume of snow;

Then let the trumpet's blast to the brazen drum
reply,

'A soldier must with honor live, or at once with
honor die.'

My Heart and Lute.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be ;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well,
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell.
I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be ;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.

Though love and song may fail, alas,
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
If ever care his discord flings,
O'er life's enchanted strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again.
I give thee all, &c.

Anna of Conway.

When morn's ruddy blushes illumine the sky,
Away o'er the mountains I cheerfully hie,
To the fair or the market, whiche'er it may be,
I care not, since Anna looks kindly on me,
Yes! Anna of Conway looks kindly on me.

As I push off my boat, when the evening is gray,
A supply to provide for the market next day,
O'er the fisherman's labors I whistle with glee,
Since Anna, sweet Anna, is watching for me,
Yes! Anna of Conway is watching for me.

Ere long, at the church, wedlock's knot will be tied,
Then proudly I'll bear to our cottage my bride;
My bosom from care and anxiety free,
Since Anna, sweet Anna, smiles only for me,
Yes! Anna of Conway smiles only for me.

The Lad that I Love.

The lad that I love no lassie shall know, oh! oh!
The path that he treads to no one I'll show, oh! oh!
His heart is all truth whenever we meet,
Then why should new faces e'er teach him deceit?
Oh, no, I will keep him, and cherish him so, oh! oh!
That beauty herself sha'n't tempt him to go, oh! oh!

The church is hard by I very well know, oh! oh!
He show'd me the door, and press'd my hand so,
oh! oh!

Love, honor, obey, are the words to be said,
And I'll say 'em, and keep 'em whenever I wed,
That is, if I marry the man that I know, oh! oh!
If not, poor soul, I shall bother him so, oh! oh!

My fortune's my face, which I hope I may show,
oh! oh!

'Tis honest, and that is a treasure I know, oh! oh!
This poor little hand is all I can give,
And where I once pledge it, it ever shall live;
For the heart's in the hand I mean to bestow, oh! oh!
And hands are the gifts which make the heart glow,
oh! oh!

Isabel.

Wake, dearest, wake! and again united
We'll rove by yonder sea;
And where our first vows of love were plighted,
Our last farewell shall be;

There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted,
And there I'll part from thee,
There oft I've gazed on thy smiles delighted,
And there I'll part from thee.

Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!

One look, though that look is in sorrow;
Fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well!
Far hence I shall wander to-morrow:
Ah me! ah me!

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,
Whom I have lov'd alone;
'Twere cruel to link thy fate forever
With sorrows like my own;
Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.
Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.
Isabel! Isabel, &c.

And when at length in these lovely bowers,
Some happier youth you see;
And you cull for him spring's sweetest flowers,
And he sings of love to thee:
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,
Oh! tell him to love like me.
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,
Oh tell him to love like me.
Isabel! Isabel, &c.

**Oh! think not my Spirits are always as
Light.**

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now,
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night,
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flow'rs,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
mind;
But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Who often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl, while a relie of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

With Martial Step,

With martial step, the soldiers come,
To raise recruits, by beat of drum;
Whilst o'er a mug of nut-brown ale,
The sergeant tells the merry tale.
The country boobies gape and stare,
And fancy castles built in air;
Whilst every maid who hears the fife,
Aspires to be a soldier's wife.

Cries Giles, half muzzy, 'Ned, I vow
I never more will drive the plough,'—

**'Come, here's to our country!' the sergeant cries,
Then round the board the liquor flies !
The silken purse of gold he shakes,
A certain bait for country cake's—
 Whilst every maid, &c.**

**Having of drink and sleep their fill,
The new recruits turn out to drill,
The cockade monstrous fine appears,
But then, the sword awakes their fears,
At length the drum each bumpkin moves,
The hamlet quite deserted proves.
 Since every maid, &c.**

Oh! why should the Girl.

**Oh ! why should the girl of my soul be in tears,
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the gloom of the past and the sorrow of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss.**

**Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet ?
Do they flow like the dews of the love breathing night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set ?**

**Oh ! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then ;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.**

The Last Bugle.

**Hark ! the muffled drum sounds the last march of
the brave,
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under Death, whom he owns his commander in chief:
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief.**

But in spite of death's terrors or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle,
When he hears the last bugle, he'll stand to his arms.

Farewell, brother soldiers, in peace may ye rest,
And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the Chief Ensign, fair Mercy's flag,
wave;

Then, freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
When we hear the last bugle,
When we hear the last bugle, we'll stand to our arms.

The Galley Slave.

Oh, think on my fate ! once I freedom enjoy'd—
Was happy as happy could be ;
But pleasure is fled,—even hope is destroy'd—
A captive, alas ! on the sea.
I was ta'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore :
When hope brings to mind my once happy estate,
I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate ! O how galling my chain !
My life steer'd by misery's chart ;
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash,
Yet my heart feels for her I adore ;
When thought brings to mind my once happy estate,
I sigh, while I tug at the oar !

How fortune deceives ! we had pleasure in tow,
The port where she dwelt we'd in view ;
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with we,
And, dear Anna, I hurried from you.

Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more !—
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay,—
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

A Soldier's the Lad.

A soldier's the lad for my notion,
A soldier's the lad for my notion:
We girls must allow,
That his row de dow, dow,
Sets the hearts of his hearers in motion;
With his row de dow, row de dow,
Oh ! a soldier's the lad for my notion.

Then the air militaire,
So delightfully inspiring;
To a soldier my heart is devoted;
To a soldier my heart is devoted;
For who like a soldier can love,
With his row de dow, dow, &c.

In Home I find Sweets.

Though some have a notion at all times to roam,
Let them wander for pleasure, I seek it at home;
Wife and children's caresses dispel ev'ry care,
And at home I find sweets I can't meet with else-
where.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
If you seek for true pleasure, you'll find it at
home.

'Neath the ivy that fondly my cot doth entwine,
In a fav'rite oak chair, oft at eve I recline,
While each murmuring breeze seems our joys to
increase,
As I hail my dear home, the sweet mansion of peace.
Home, home, &c.

Araby's Daughter.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept,
With many a shell in whose hollow wreath'd chamber,
We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

Nor shall Iran (beloved of her hero) forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.
Around thee, &c.

Life.

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
We love ; we droop ; we die !
Ah ! wherefore do we laugh, or weep ?
Why do we live, or die ?
Who knows that secret deep ?
Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye ?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die ?

We toil,—through pain and wrong ;
We fight,—and fly ;
We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O Life ! is *all* thy song
'Endure and—die ?'

A Damsel stood to watch the Fight.

A damsel stood to watch the fight,
On the banks of Kingslea Mere,
And they brought to her feet her own true knight
Sore wounded on a bier.
O, let not, he said, while yet I live,
The cruel foe me take,
But with thy lips, one sweet kiss give,
And cast me in the lake.

About his neck she wound her arms,
And she kiss'd his lips so pale,
And evermore the war's alarms
Came loudly up the vale.
She drew him to the lake's deep side,
Where the red heath fringed the shore ;
She plunged with him beneath the tide,
And they were seen no more.

Your lot is far above me.

Your lot is far above me,
I dare not be your bride ;
To know that you have loved me,
Will wound your father's pride.
Go, woo some high-born lady,
And he will bless your choice ;
Alas ! too long already,
I've listen'd to your voice.

Oh ! may your grief be fleeting,
Go seek the halls of mirth ;
Dread not a future meeting,
We ne'er shall meet on earth.
Though o'er love's passing vision,
These tears of anguish flow ;
Doubt not the stern decision
Of her who bids you go.

These tears are not intended
As lures to make you stay,
I wish they were not blended
With all you hear me say.
Go! would you ne'er had sought me,
'Tis hard so young to die;
But, 'twas your kindness taught me,
To raise my hopes so high.

The Invincibles.

As sung by Madame VESTRIS.

When the merry fife and drum,
And the bugles loudly play,
Then gaily march to the martial sounds,
The Invincibles so gay;
Each lass upon parade,
With cap and smart cockade,
To the men will show, that well she knows
The gallant soldier's trade.
Our corp'ral leads us on,
And in quick time we move,
With arms-in hand, a valiant band,
Our truth and love to prove.
Then, ladies, join our ranks,
Our banners proudly wave,
Invincibles in love and war,
Come join the gay and brave.
Invincibles are we,
With heart and arms combin'd,
And no attention find will he
Who is not to our mind;
We never present arms
To the purseproud awkward lout,
For soon is the word from our corp'ral heard
To face to the right about;

But to the youths who please,
We quickly stand at ease,
Resign our arms, quit war's alarms,
To dwell in love and peace.
Then ladies, &c.

Come listen to my Song.
Come listen to my song, my love,
'Twill not offend thine ear,
The moon is beaming bright above,
Thou hast no cause of fear.
I'll sing of lovers brave and true,
If thou wilt list to me,
I'll sing the charms of ladies fair,
But none so fair as thee.
Then listen, &c.

I'll sing of beauty, love and fame ;
Of love in distant climes ;
I'll sing of eyes so blue and bright,
But none so bright as thine.
Then listen to my song, my love,
For thou art dear to me,
And while there beams a light above,
I'll sing of love and thee.
Then listen, &c.

The Sweets of Liberty.

AIR—Is there a heart that never loved ?
Is there a man that never sigh'd
To set the prisoner free ?
Is there a man that never prized
The sweets of liberty ?
Then let him, let him breathe unseen,
Or in a dungeon live ;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a heart so cold in man,
Can galling fetters crave?
Is there a wretch so truly low,
Can stoop to be a slave?
O, let him, then, in chains be bound,
In chains and bondage live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a breast so chilled in life,
Can nurse the coward's sigh?
Is there a creature so debased,
Would not for freedom die?
O, let him, then, be doom'd to crawl
Where only reptiles live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

The Plain Gold Ring.

He was a chief of low degree,
A lady high and fair was she!
She dropp'd a ring,—he raised the gem,
'Twas rich as eastern diadem!
'Nay, as your mistress' trophy, take
The toy, when next a lance you break.'
He to the tourney rode away,
And bore off glory's wreath that day.

How did his ardent bosom beat,
When hastening to that lady's feet,
The wreath and ring he proudly laid;
But, 'Keep them, youth,' that lady said,
Nay, gem so rich I may not wear,
Howe'er return a gift so rare.'
'Dear youth, a *plain gold ring*,' she sigh'd,
'From you were worth the world beside!'

The Mountain Shepherd's Lay.

Oh ! roam with me o'er distant hills,
When day is in the west ;
And when upon the mountain rills,
The twilight sinks to rest.
When listening echo leaves her cell,
And wanders on her way ;
Or when she bears o'er hill and dell,
The mountain shepherd's lay.

For wild and simple though it be,
That strain of joy can tell,
And bring in memory back to me,
The hours I loved so well ;
When hopes were young and hearts were warm,
And one with me would stray,
And hear, at eve, in storm, or calm,
The mountain shepherd's lay.

The Downy Cheek.

The downy cheek so red, so fair,
The bosom's snowy whiteness,
The pouting lips so red, so rare,
The eye with sparkling brightness,
Are beauties like the summer leaf,
Which length of years decay,
Which envious time, that cruel thief,
Will surely steal away.

But when conjoined with them, we find
Charms that surpass all beauty,
A virtuous heart, a feeling mind,
Our love becomes a duty.
Then mad are those who madly range,
To all but beauty blind,
For time nor place can ever change
The beauties of the mind.

The Soldier's Adieu,

Adieu, adieu, my only life,
My honor calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee ;
What though by duty I am call'd,
Where thundering cannons rattle,
Where valor's self might stand appall'd,
Where valor's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer thou puttest up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving :
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I fearless seek the conflict's heat ;
Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspired thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee :
I go assur'd, my life, adieu,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.

The Lay of the Wandering Arab.

Away, away, my Barb and I,
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind.
'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
Nor e'er feel lonely though alone;
I would not change my Arab Barb,
To mount a drowsy sultan's throne.
Away, away, &c.

Where the pale stranger dares not come,
Proud o'er my native sands I rove,
An Arab tent my only home,
An Arab maid my only love.
Here freedom dwells without a fear,
Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
Who ever brings a fetter here,
To chain the desert's fiery child?
Away, away, &c.

Twilight's Hour.

It was at twilight's dusky hour,
When twinkling stars their lustre shed,
The warbling tenants of each bow'r,
Unto their mossy cells had fled.

The lowing herds had ceas'd their note,
The bleating flocks were in their pen;
No sounds were in the air afloat,
No hum arose within the glen.

The orient tints which streak'd the sky,
Had vanish'd with departing light;
The azure vault serene and high,
Bedeck'd with gems, shone softly bright.

The air was calm, all still-profound,
Refreshing zephyrs cool'd the plain,
And echo, with responsive sound,
Sent back whate'er it heard, again.

'Twas just at this propitious hour,
That fairy steps flit o'er the green,
Bespangled with each native flower;
No pressure mark'd where they had been.

'Twas now that Oberon the sprite,
His revels held with sportive sway,
Keep up the dance, till dawn of light
Intrusive, warn'd the elves away.

An old man would be wooing.

An old man would be wooing
A damsel gay and young,
But she, while he was suing,
For ever laugh'd and sung,
An old man, an old man, will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree.

She sung till he was dozing—
A youth by fortune bless'd,
While Guardy's eyes were closing,
Her hand delighted press'd.
An old man, an old man, will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree.

Then kneeling, trembling, creeping,
I vow 'twas much amiss,
He watch'd the old man sleeping,
And softly stole—a kiss.
An old man, an old man, will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree.

Love's Ritornella,

A DUET.

He.—Gentle Zitella, whither away?
Love's ritornella, list while I play.

She.—No, I have lingered too long on my road,
Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad!
Lonely Zitella has too much to fear;
Love's ritornella she may not hear.

He.—Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care,
Night is not darker than thy raven hair!
And those bright eyes, if the brigand should see,
Thou art the robber, the captive is he!
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

She.—Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware!
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer.

He.—To your light footsteps let terror add wings!
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings!
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear!
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear!

The Mountain Maid.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side,
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
And the willows waved in the silver light;
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe a tuneful strain,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he charm'd the ear of the mountain maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast,

He caught her glance and mark'd her sigh,
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
He charm'd her tender soul to pity,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he gain'd the heart of the mountain maid.

Farewell, my Lute.

Farewell! my lute, whose gentle tone
Hath cheer'd my heart for many a day;
Companion lov'd, whose chords had pow'r
To chase my gloom and grief away.
Whate'er my lot, where'er I roam,
Fond thoughts of thee will often come,
And I shall sigh for that dear home,
Where thou hang'st mute, sweet lute!
Farewell! my lute, &c.

Farewell! my love, whose soothing voice
Broke like soft music on my ear;
Whose heart to mine more warmly clung,
When all around grew dark and drear.
Where'er I go, whate'er my lot,
No word of thine can be forget:
Oft shall I sigh for that sweet spot,
Where thou dost rove, dear love!
Farewell, my love! Farewell, my lute!
These eyes are dry, these lips are mute:
Oh! language fades before love's spell;
My lute! my love! farewell, farewell!

The Bonnie Lad.

Young Jammie is a bonnie lad,
None blither I can see,
So trim he wears his tartan plaid,
So kind he blinks at me.

As kind I blink at him again, O
My smiles I dinna stint,
Yet still he gies my bosom pain,
He winna take the hint.

He tother day a posie brought,
The rose and lily too,
An emblem I must own I thought,
Might tell him what to do.
I courtstied low and smiled again,
My smiles I never stint,
Yet still he gies my bosom pain,
He canna take the hint.

Ye favor'd lasses of our town,
Advise me if you can,
'That I may a' my wishes crown,
Upon a modest plan.
I'll do my best to gain his love,
My dress shall be in print,
And I will ever constant prove,
If he will take the hint.

Oh tell me how from Love to fly.

Oh tell me how from love to fly,
Its dangers how to shun,
To guard the heart, to shield the eye,
Or I must be undone.

For thy impression on my mind,
No time, nor power can move;
And vain, alas! the task I find,
To look and not to love;

Could absence my sad heart uphold,
I'd hence and mourn my lot;
But mem'ry will not be controll'd,
Thou ne'er canst be forgot.

If you ask what is Love.

If you ask, if you ask, what is love,
When we first, when we first feel its power,
I would, I would say, 'twas a thorn,
A thorn conceal'd in a flower,
Or honey collected beneath the bee's wing,
Where we scarce taste the sweets for the wound of
the sting,
Oh, this is love!—Oh, this is love.

If you ask, if you ask, what is love,
I would answer, would answer, a cheat;
'Tis woe, 'tis woe in a mask—
'Tis bliss, 'tis bliss in deceit,
'Tis poison in nectar, 'tis death in repose,
In prospect 'tis rapture, when near worst of woes.
Oh, this is love!—Oh, this is love.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lour'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine disclosed the sweet way,
To the house of my father, who welcom'd me back,
I flew to the pleasant field, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;

I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft;
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart—
'Stay, stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!'
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

America, Commerce, and Freedom,

How blest the life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging,
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
Though tempests howl along the main,
Some objects will remind us,
And cheer with hope to meet again
The friends we left behind us.

Then under full sail we laugh at the gale,
And the landsmen look pale, never heed them,
But toss off a glass to some favorite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting,
With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,
Our friends delighted greet us,
And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.

When the full flowing bowl enlivens the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead them;
And each bonny lass will drink off her glass
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our prizes sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And when we meet a brother tar
That wants, we freely give it:
No free-born sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it:
And when 'tis gone,—to sea for more,
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distress'd, clothe and feed them,
'Tis a duty we share with the brave and the fair,
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

Oh! do not bid me to Forget.

Oh! do not bid me to forget
What once I loved so well,
For I have ever, ever said,
My heart shall not rebel.
'Twas on that spot beside the stream,
Where last we fondly met,
I promis'd him, whate'er my doom,
I never would forget.

He loved me when we parted last,
I know he loved me true,
For falsehood never seem'd so fair,
And well his looks I knew:
For when he spoke his eye was fill'd,
His cheek with tears was wet,
His latest words, his last farewell,
I never can forget.

Poor Jack.

By Mr. DIEDIN.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger and fear and the like,
A tight-water boat, and good sea-room give me,
And 'tan't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant masts, smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and house every
thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
Avast ! nor don't think me a milk sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back,
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy and such,
And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch ;
But he said how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that proved clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow :
For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft,
Take the top-lifts of Sailors a-back,
There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you must be ;
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,

And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more ;
What then, all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship :
And with her brave the world without offering to
flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip :
As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's :
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken a-back,
The same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

The Farmer's Daughter.

Where are you going, my pretty maid ?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said ;
May I go with you, my pretty maid ?
It's just as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid ?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said ;
Then I will marry you, my pretty maid ;
It's not as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said ;
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid ;
Nobody ask'd you, sir, she said.

This Love—how it plagues me.

This love, how it plagues me, young Ellen did say,
As she sat at her wheel, on a fine summer's day ;
Before I saw Sandy I rose with the lark,
And as merrily sang frae the morning till dark ;
But now when I'm singing, he comes in my mind,
Tho' he's neither before me, nor yet is behind :
O love, do you plague ilka body like me,
For Sandy ne'er promis'd a lover to be !

Wi' me at the gloaming we've wander'd alane,
And at kirk, and at market, wi' me he has gane ;
He speaks not of love, but he's blithe when we meet ;
Nor allows me to pass unobserv'd in the street.
Be still then, my heart, let my wheel go its round,
For mother will wonder what's come o' thy sound ;
I needna be jealous, for why should I be,
Since Sandy ne'er promis'd his true love to me.

While Ellen was musing, the door it flew wide,
In a moment young Sandy was down by her side ;
I'm come, my dear Ellen, you mauna say nay,
To ask you to wed me, and Tuesday's the day ;
Your mother's consented, O now my love speak,—
Yet she said not a word, and pale grew her cheek ;
At length with a smile, and the tear in her e'e,
She clung to his bosom, and said, ' It will be.'

Man the Brother of Man.

Let the epicure boast the delight of his soul,
In the high-season'd dish, and the rich flowing bowl ;
Can they give such true joys as benevolence can,
Or as charity feels when it benefits man ?
Let him know the kind impulse that suffers with grief,
Let him taste the delight of affording relief,
Let him serve the great Author of Nature's great plan,
Who design'd man to act as the brother of man !

Tho' deceiv'd by a friend, let him see what he'll gain,
When the impulse of anger he learns to restrain ;
Though great the offence, oh ! forgive if you can,
For revenge is a monster disgraceful to man.
Think the chapter of life oft reverses the scene,
And the rich man becomes what the poor man has
been ;
Think that chapter must end, for but short is the span
That will give us the power to benefit man.

When the evening Star is peeping.

When the evening star is peeping
Over every vale and dell,
Then we Fairies watch are keeping
In the dew-clad flow'et's bell.
When the merry chimes are ringing,
When the moon shines o'er the lake,
Then our voices' tuneful singing,
Steals like magic through the brake.
When the evening star, &c.

When the dew drops from the flower,
When the sun sinks in the west,
When at silent midnight hour
All the busy world's at rest :
Then we roam at large, with pleasure,
Frisking in the moonbeam's gleam,
To the lute's soft dulcet measure,
Near the rippling silver stream.
When the evening star, &c.

The Song of Death.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad setting sun ;
Farewell, love and friendship, ye dear tender ties !
Our race of existence is run.

AMERICAN MINSTREL.

Thou grim king of terrors ! thou life's gloomy foe !
Go frighten the coward and slave ;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honor, our swords in our hands,
Our home and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O ! who would not die with the brave ?

On this cold flinty Rock.

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,
And cheerfully sing thro' the night ;
The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,
And the stars shall shine forth to give light.

Then come to me, come to me ; wail not nor weep ;
O turn thy sweet eyes unto me ;
To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,
And kiss from thy lids the salt tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
Is thou, love, the joy of this earth ;
But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,
Is thy father that gave thee thy birth.
Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,
And the winds that so mournfully cry,
Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must
leave,
To lie down in those deserts to die.
Then come to me, &c.

They told me not to love him.

They told me not to love him !

They said that he would prove

Unworthy of so rich a gem,

As woman's peerless love.

But I believ'd them not, oh ! no,

I knew it could not be,

That one so false as they thought him,

Could be as dear to me.

They told me not to love him !

They said he was not true,

And bade me have a care, lest I

Should do what I might rue :

At first I scorn'd their warnings—for

I could not think that he

Conceal'd beneath so fair a brow,

A heart of perfidy.

They told me to discard him !

They said he meant me ill—

They darkly spoke of fiends that lure,

And smile, and kiss, and—kill !

I all unheeding heard them, for

I knew it could not be,

That one so false as they thought him

Could be so dear to me.

But they forc'd me to discard him !

Yet I could not cease to love—

For our mutual vows recorded were

By angel hands above.

He left his boyhood's home, and sought

Forgetfulness afar ;

But memory stung him,—and he fought,

And fell, in glorious war.

He dwells in Heaven now,—while I
Am doom'd to this dull earth ;
Oh ! how my sad soul longs to break
Away, and wander forth :
From star to star its course would be—
Unresting it would go,
Till we united were above,
Who severed were below.

The Sailor's Return.

A Sequel to BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

The moon had burst the clouds of heaven,
When Susan sought the wreck-strewn shore,
By grief and woe her bosom riven,
Her shipwreck'd William to deplore :
While gazing on the watery waste,
A floating form her eye descried,
And the next heaving billow placed
Her lover by the maiden's side.

" Susan, for thee the storm I braved,
While angry surges round me roar'd,
And see, by bounteous mercy saved,
Thy sailor to thine arms restored !"
His well-known voice her fears beguiled,
His glowing kiss her sorrows dried ;
And the next morning's sunbeams smiled
On Susan as her William's bride !

Too many Lovers.

Young Susan had lovers so many that she
Hardly knew upon which to decide ;
They all spoke sincerely and promised to be
So worthy of such a sweet bride.
In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then
The noon would be spent with young Harry,

The evening with John, so amongst all the men
She never could tell which to marry.

Heigho ! heigho ! I'm afraid,
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous and so went away,
And Harry got tired of wooing,
And John having teased her to fix on the day,
Received only frowns for so doing.
So amongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
She wept every night on her pillow ;
And meeting, one day, a pair going to church,
Turn'd away, and died under a willow.
Heigho ! heigho ! I'm afraid, &c.

The Lily of Nithsdale.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in heaven,
'Ye're owre pure,' quo' a voice aboon,
'For dwelling out o' heaven.'

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie ?
O what'll she do in heaven ?
She'll mix her thoughts wi' angels' songs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved of a', my lassie ;
She was beloved of a' ;
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
And took her frae us a'.

Low there she lies, my lassie,
Low there she lies.
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise.

There's not but dust now mine, my lassie,
There's nought but dust now mine ;

My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin' ?

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye ;
An' a lovelier sight in the brow o' heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddie and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddie and calm ;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

Lovers' Vows.

When should lovers breathe their vows ?

When should ladies hear them ?

When the dew is on the boughs,

When none else are near them.

When the moon shines cold and pale,

When the birds are sleeping,

When no voice is on the gale,

When the rose is weeping.

Oh ! softest is the cheek's love ray,

When seen by moonlight hours,

Other roses seek the day,

But blushes are night flowers.

When the moon and stars are bright,

When the dew-drops glisten,

Then their vows should lovers plight,

Then should ladies listen.

Farewell to my Harp.

Dear harp of my country ! in darkness I found thee,

The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,

When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,

And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and

song.

The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
twine,

Go : sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand, less unworthy than
mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own !

The Wine Cellar.

I knew by the smell which so gratefully rose,
And cheered up my heart, a wine cellar was near,
And I said if a man wished a jolly carouse,
The soul that is thirsty might look for it here :
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the old butler tapping the sherry for me.

And here in this round bellied cask, I exclaimed,
Is a mistress so lovely to soul and to eye,
That with her no mortal could fairly be blamed
Who might happily live and most jollily die.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

'Neath the shade of yon arch, where the damp slowly drips,
And the cobwebs and sawdust so sweetly entwine,
Flows a stream, which I know, as I pour through
my lips,
Has never been tasted by any but mine.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

The Anchor's Weighed.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore ;
My bosom beat with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more :
'Dear youth,' she cried, 'and canst thou haste away !
My heart will break, a little moment stay ;
~~Alas!~~ I cannot part from thee :'
'The anchor's weighed—farewell, remember me !'
'Weep not, my love,' I trembling said,
'Doubt not a constant heart like mine,
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix a heart like mine :'
'Go then,' she cried, 'but let thy constant mind
Oft think on her you leave in tears behind !'
'Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,
The anchor's weighed—farewell, remember me !'

The Mariner's Child to his Mother.

Oh ! weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh ! weep no more to-night,
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.
Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.
She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear,
Another week of sunshine,
My father will be here.
I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight :
Come, come and sleep, dear mother,
Oh ! weep no more to-night.

The Bridal Star.

His white plume o'er the mountain streams,
My heart throbs with delight,
His corselet in the sunshine beams,
He comes my peerless knight.
The banquet spread and music bring
From holy land afar,
His lady love shall welcome sing,
And touch her gay guitar.

While songs of mirth and pastime strains,
Are breathing soft around,
Hail, vassals, hail, till yonder plains
His welcome home resound ;
I'll deck myself in all my best,
And wear my Bridal Star :
And now he's laid his lance at rest,
I'll touch my gay guitar.
The banquet spread, &c.

Our Country is our Ship, d'ye see,

Our country is our ship d'ye see,
A gallant vessel, too ;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's one of our bold crew.
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

And when our haughty enemies
Our noble ship assail,
Then all true hearted lads despise
What peril may prevail ;
But shrinking from the cause we prize,

If lubbers skulk below,
To the sharks
Heave such sparks,
They assist the common foe.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout;
And, having nothing else to do,
We fairly fight it out;
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we soon are friends;
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

Wert thou like me.—Annot Lyle's Song.

By Sir W. Scott.

Wert thou like me, in life's low vale,
With thee how blest that lot I'd share,
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding billows bear,
But, parted by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove;
May thine be joy!—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be forever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs e'er shall own.
Nor will I through life's weary years,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my foolish tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

Weber's Last Thoughts.

I'm bending o'er a stranger's hearth, alone in my
decay,
My childhood's home, my father land, is distant far
away.

I strive to chase the gloomy grief, which darkens oft
my mind,

When I recall the cloudless hopes which I have left
behind.

Oh! painfully and wearily, unbidden tears *will* start,
Sad thoughts like these throw discord o'er the music
of my heart.

Some light and lively melody now rushes to my brain,
My solitude enlivening, once cheering me again.

But ah! my home, my absent friends! this damps my
moment's mirth,

My pulse grows weak, my half form'd smile is
wither'd in its birth.

I cannot throw from off my soul, its preying load of
grief,

Some plaintive strain may ease its weight, and grant
a short relief;

But transient is my spirit's calm, as slumber on the
lake,

Whose ~~rest~~ a single falling leaf will agitate and wake.

Though strangers have been kind to me, and I have
press'd their hand,

I pray to live, that I may die in my own native land.

Farewell to all whom I have left, I quit you with a
sigh,

Farewell, my stream of life ebbs fast, its source is
nearly dry.

I'm bending o'er a stranger's hearth, alone in my
decay,

My childhood's home, my father land, is distant far
away.

The Land of Love and Liberty.

Hail, great republic of the world !
The rising empire of the west ;
When famed Columbus' mighty mind impress'd,
Gave Europe's sons a place of rest.
Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
The land of love and liberty.

Beneath thy spreading mantling vines,
Beside thy flowery groves and springs,
And on thy lofty, lofty mountains' brow,
May all thy sons and fair ones sing,
Be thou for ever, &c.

From thee may future nations learn,
To prize the cause thy sons began ;
From thee may future, future tyrants know,
That sacred are the rights of man.
Be thou for ever, &c.

Of thee may sleeping infancy
The pleasing wondrous story tell ;
And patriot sage, in venerable mood,
Instruct the world to govern well.
Be thou for ever, &c.

Fare-thee-well.

Fare-thee-well, and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare-thee-well !
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought might show,
Then thou wouldst at length discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way against the will.

Fare-thee-well, thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this,—I scarce can die.

Ere around the Huge Oak.

Ere around the huge oak, that o'er shadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dared to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built his nest on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, of a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate,
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which, unsullied, descended to me;
For my child I've preserved it, unblemish'd with
shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free.

Dinna Forget.

Dinna forget, laddie! dinna forget!
Ne'er make me rue that we ever have met!
Wide though we sever, parted for ever,
Willie, when far awa dinna forget!

We part, and it may be, we meet never mair;
Yet my heart, as in hope, will be true in despair;
And the sigh of remembrance, the tear of regret,
For thee will be frequent, then dinna forget!

When the star o' the gloamin' is beaming above,
Think how oft it hath lighted the tryst of our love,
Oh! deem it an angel's ee heaven hath set,
To watch thee, to warn thee, sae dinna forget?

Then wake from thy Slumbers.

The heath is all lonely and drear, love,
There's nobody stirring or near, love;
Then awake from thy slumbers and hear, love,
My last farewell to thee:
The stars are deserting the skies, love,
The night-owl is ceasing his cries.
Then hasten to bless these fond eyes, love,
And open thy lattice to me.

The night is passing away, love,
And losing its gloom in the day, love,
Then lend of thine eyes but one ray, love,
E'er I go afar o'er the sea.

Then hasten, &c.

Kathleen O'Moore.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her color still changing, her smiles ever new;
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir,
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her ;
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

She sat by the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and look at the moon ;
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

O cold was the night breeze that sigh'd round her
bower,
It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that
hour,
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the church-yard builds its nest,
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on
Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

'Twas You, Sir.—A Glee.

'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir,
I tell you nothing new, sir,
'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
'Twas you, sir, you ;
'Tis true, sir, 'tis true, sir,
You look so very blue, sir,
I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,
'Tis true, sir, true ;
Oh, sir, no, sir,
How can you wrong me so, sir ?
I did not kiss the pretty girl—
But I know who.

**Billy, let's thank Providence that you
and I are Sailors.**

One night came on a hurricane, the sea was moun-
tains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid, and said to
Billy Bowling,
A strong sow-wester's blowing, Billy, can't you hear
it roar now ?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks on
shore now !

Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns, what dangers
they are all in !
And now they're quaking in their beds for fear the
roof should fall in.
Poor creatures how they envies us, and wishes, I've
a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm, to be upon the
ocean.

Then as to them kept out all day on business from
their houses,
And, late at night, are walking home to cheer their
babes and spouses,
While you and I upon the deck are comfortably
lying,
My eyes, what tiles and chimney-pots about their
heads are flying !

And often have we seamen heard how men are killed
or undone,
By overturns in carriages, and thieves, and fires, in
London ;
We've heard what risks all landsmen run, from no-
blemen to tailors.
So, Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I are
sailors.

The Mariner's Bride.

Hark ! o'er the wave, the north blast is howling,
Look, from the skies, the tempest is scowling :
Down on the beach where wild waves are rushing,
Is one, from whose eye the cold tear is gushing :
She look'd on the shore, there, helpless and shattered,
The wreck, like her hopes, to the wild winds are
scatter'd.

There stood the lone one in comfortless sorrow,
'Till sunlight again burst forth on the morrow ;
The tempest was hush'd, no wind cross'd the ocean ;
But morn could not calm her bosom's emotion,
She weeps for her love, o'er the billows a ranger,
On night such as this of darkness and danger.
Well may she weep, poor mariner's bride,
Well may she weep, poor mariner's bride.

Fair Rose has Charms alone for Me,

They say my heart is not sincere,
And fickle as the moon, my mind,
Perhaps to some I may appear
Inconstant as the sportive wind ;
But oh ! when Rosa deigns to smile,
No other eye has charms for me.
My wav'ring thoughts her looks beguile,
To rove, I feel no longer free !
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no ;
Fair Rose has charms alone for me.

I do not sigh in shady groves,
I ramble not by purling streams ;
But love to be where beauty moves,
And where the star of pleasure gleams.
But oh ! when Rosa deigns, &c.

Money is your Friend.

Of friendship I have heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if distress'd at any time,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money is your friend—is it not?
Yes, money is your friend—is it not?
Is it not?—is it not?—pray tell me now,
Yes, money ! money ! is your friend.

If you are sick and like to die,
And for the doctor send,
To him you must advance a fee,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

If you should have a suit at law,
On which you must depend ;
You must pay the lawyer's brief,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

Then let me have but store of gold,
From ills it will defend ;
In every exigence of life,
Dear money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

Where's the Snow.

Written by Miss L. E. LONDON, and sung by Madame
MALIBRAN.

Where's the snow, the summer snow
On the lovely lily flower ?
Where the hues the sun-set shed
O'er the rose's crimson hour ?
Where's the gold, the pure bright gold,
O'er the young laburnum flung !

And the fragrant sighs that breath'd
Whence the hyacinth drooping hung?
Gone, gone, they all are gone.

Youth, where is thine open brow?
What has quell'd thine eagle eye?
Where's the freshness of thy cheek?
And thy dark hair's raven dye?
Where the crimson banner now?
Where's thine eager step and sword?
Where's thine hour of dreamless sleep?
Where frank jest and careless word?
Gone, gone, they are all gone.

Where's the lighted hall, and where
All that made its midnight gay?
Where's the music of the harp?
And the minstrel's knightly lay?
Where's the graceful saraband?
Where's the lamp of starry light?
Where the vases of bright flowers?
Where the blushes yet more bright?
Gone, gone, they are all gone.

Come ye Disconsolate.

By T. MOOR.

Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.'

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
• Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the comforter, in God's name saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.'

Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that glorious promise hope sings us—
‘Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.’

‘Tis Midnight.

‘Tis midnight, and sweet melodies
Are wafted o’er the tide,
From one of those bright pleasure barques
That on the waters glide.
Gay lords are there,
And ladies fair,
Along the ship
They lightly trip;
I envy not their revelry
While roving by thy side.

Behold the moonbeams darting through
The green transparent trees;
And hear the light leaves answering
The whispers of the breeze:
When winter throws
Her chilling snows
O’er all the earth,
Then give me mirth:
But oh! the dance was never meant
For summer nights like these.

Maidens Young and Tender.

Maidens young and tender,
Take a hint from me!
Ne’er your heart surrender,
Never married be!
If you wed an old beau,
Jealous he will prove:

Grumble at and scold you,
All by way of love;
So, maidens young and tender,
Take a hint from me!
Ne'er your heart surrender,
Never married be!

If a youth you marry,
You're better not a whit;
Your plans will all miscarry,
For he wont submit!
Should you frown, he cries out,
'Love, honor, and obey!'
And though you weep your eyes out,
You'll not get your own way!
So maidens young and tender,
Take a hint from me!
Ne'er your heart surrender,
Never married be.

I know Who.

How sweet the fragrant breath of May,
At dreary winter's close!
And sweet each bud and flow'ret gay,
And dew-drop on the rose!
And sweet to hear the nightingale
That lovely rose-bud woe!
But sweeter far the tender tale
That's told by I know who,
That's told by I know who.

How sweet the lark's shrill voice to hear,
The blackbird and the thrush,
And sweet the linnet's note, more near,
Upon the hawthorn bush!
And sweet it is at eve to rove,

And hear the dove's soft coo !
But sweeter far the tale of love,
That's told by I know who,
That's told by I know who.

My Cottage and Vine.

Here, far away from wealth and pow'r,
As far from want remov'd,
My home I've made the simple bow'r,
That first in youth I lov'd ;
Where snow-clad mountains proudly rise,
And blooming roses twine,
Where gentle waters flow around
My cottage and my vine.

Dear home of innocence and peace,
The vale of early years,
In thee I'll bid my sorrows cease,
And dry my flowing tears ;
For ev'ry joy the heart can prove,
Or wish, will here be mine ;
With friends long lov'd I'll gladly share
My cottage and my vine.

See our Oars with feathered Spray,

By Sir J. A. STEVENSON.

See our oars with feather'd spray,
Sparkle in the beam of day,
In our little bark we glide,
Swiftly o'er the silent tide ;
From yonder lone and rocky shore,
The warrior helmet to restore ;
And sweet the morning breezes blow,
While thus in measured time we row.

I have loved thee.

I have loved thee, dearly loved thee,
Through an age of worldly wo,
How ungrateful I have proved thee,
Let my mournful exile show.
Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
Hour by hour I counted o'er,
Looking forward till to-morrow,
Every day I loved thee more.

Power nor splendor could not charm me,
I no joy in wealth could see,
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of losing thee;
When the storms of fortune pressed thee,
I have wept to see thee weep,
When relentless cares distressed thee,
I have lulled those cares to sleep.

The Sprig of Shillelah.

Och, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;
His heart is good-humored—'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green;
His clothes spick and span new without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck:
He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows

From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, 'Get ye gone, Pat,' yet consents all the while ;
To the priest then they go—and, nine months after
that,

A fine baby cries out, 'How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green !'

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring earth,

Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green,
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
Shannon,

Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a can-
non ;

United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose, leek and thistle, long flourish and twine
Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

My lovely Brunette.

My lovely brunette, to your Spanish guitar,
'Tis sweet to be dancing beneath the night star ;
Now winding through mazes, now culling eve flowers
Weeping with dew-drops from Spain's sultry bowers.
My own native shores could I ever forget,
I should blame your guitar and your light castanet.

But my charming brunette, 'twere sweeter to me,
To be seated beneath my own hawthorn tree ;
To be telling my tale in my dear native isle,
My Spanish love smiling upon me the while,
Oh ! there by the moonlight, 'twere sweeter by far,
To dance, my brunette, to your Spanish guitar.

Venetian Boat Song.

The daybeam is over the sea,
Oh haste every bark, to the shore;
No joy in the morning can be,
With moonlight our pleasure is o'er :
Perhaps it is sweet on the hills
To watch how the daylight appears,
To see it all bright in the rills,
And shining through night's dewy tears.

But oh ! in the wild hour of night,
When loud winds are hushed to a breeze,
With music and moon-beams so bright,
'Tis heaven to glide o'er the seas.
How sweet 'tis to watch the bright glow,
And taste the wild freshness of heaven;
How sweet 'tis to gaze on below
The likeness the blue wave has given.

To breathe the soft night air, perfum'd
With the sighs of the groves on the shore,
To see how the moon has illum'd
The droppings that fall from the ear.
Such pleasures the morn never gave,
Then haste, every Gondolet, on,
Oh, who would remain on the wave.
When moonlight and music are gone.

Auld Robin Gray.

Written by Lady ANNE BARNARD.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
hame,
And a' the waird to sleep are gane ;
The wae of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for
his bride ;

But saving a crown he had naething beside,
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea ;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna' been gone a week but only twa,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was
stown awa',

My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.
My father couldna' work, and my mither doughtna'
spin ;

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna'
win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e,

Said, ' Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me '

My heart it said Nay—I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack,

The ship it was a wrack ; why didna' Jenny die ?

Oh ! why was I spared to cry Wae's me !

My father urged sair—my mither didna' speak,
So they gi'd him my hand, though my heart was at
the sea,

Now auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith—for I couldna' think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come back, love, to marry thee.'
O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves awa',
I wish'd I were dead—but I'm no like to die ;
Oh ! why do I live to say Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena' to spin,
I darena' think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude-wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.
'Nae langer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
Despair it was come, and she thought it content,
She thought it content ; but her cheek it grew pale,
And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail.'

Bring Flowers.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, to the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd.
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale,
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath,
He comes with the spoils of nations back ;
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track ;
The turf looks red where he won the day ;—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye,
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild
flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair,
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth ;
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth ;

Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead !
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst;
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale
flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there :
They speak of hope to the fainting heart ;
With a voice of promise they come and part.
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours ;
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring
flowers !

Maltese Boatman's Song.

See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun,
Hark ! how the solemn vesper's sound
Sweetly falls upon the ear ;
Then haste, let us work till the daylight's o'er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore,
Our toil and danger being o'er—
How sweet the boatman's welcome home !
Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home.
Sweet, O sweet, the boatman's welcome home !
Then haste, let us work, &c.

See how the tints of daylight die ;
How sweet to hear the tender sigh !
O when the toil of labor's o'er,
Row, swiftly row to the shore !
Then haste, let us work till the daylight's o'er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore.

For fame or gold where'er we roam,
No sound so sweet as welcome home !
Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home !
Sweet, O sweet, the boatman's welcome home !
Then haste, let us work, &c.

Evening Song to the Virgin at Sea.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

Ave sanctissima,
We lift our souls to thee,
Ora pro nobis,
'Tis night-fall on the sea.

Watch us while shadows lie,
Far o'er the water spread,
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near.
Whispers of heaven to faith,
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear.

Ora pro nobis,
The wave must rock our sleep,
Ora mater ora,
Star of the deep

The Sea.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh ! *how* I love to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the Sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea !

Hark ! the Goddess Diana,

Hark ! the goddess Diana

Calls aloud for the chase ;

Bright Phœbus awakens the morn,

Rouse, rouse from your slumber,
And for hunting prepare,
For the huntsman is winding his horn.

See! the hounds are unkennell'd,
And all ripe for the chase,
They start to o'ertake the fleet hare!
All danger they're scorning,
And for hunting preparing;
To the field then, brave boys, let's repair.

Hark Echo.

Hark echo, sweet echo, repeats the loud strain,
The shouting and hooting of chaste Dian's train:
Aurora smiles sweetly, and comes on apace,
The hounds and the horns call us forth to the chase

Blind Cupid is banish'd from these happy fields,
His quiver to Dian, the wanton now yields;
She blunts all his arrows, his power destroys,
While the virgins all follow her innocent joys.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear :—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest, by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :—
This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ?—the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod !
They have left unstained what there they found :
Freedom to worship God !

Dulce Domum.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft sought by travelers weary,
And long it proved the blest abode
Of Edward and of Mary.
For her he chased the mountain goat,
O'er Alps and glaciers bounding ;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding.
But ev'ning come,
He sought his home,
And anxious lovely woman,

She hail'd the sight,
And ev'ry night
The cottage rung,
As thus they sung :
Oh ! dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas ! this scene of bliss
Was changed to prospects dreary ;
For war and honor roused each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.
To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending ;
And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
He died his land defending.
The ev'ning come,
He sought not home,
Whilst she, distracted woman,
Grown wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead ;
And hears the knell
That bids farewell
To dulce, dulce domum.

Now to the Lists.

Sung by Mr. ANDERSON.

Now to the lists, brave knights away,
The sun is brightly beaming,
Our men at arms aloft display
Our banners red and streaming ;
Our crests upon each gonfalon
Soar proudly high and waving,
As though the vict'ry now were won,
By courtly deeds and braving.
March to the lists, brave knights away,
The trump is shrilly sounding,

The heralds call the gay tourney,
Our restless barbs are bounding.

Mount on our gallant barbs away,
While round our hauberks twining,
Our ladies' scarfs and colors gay
Play in the sunbeams shining.
With trusty lance and brands away,
In ladies' love confiding;
To tilt and play in the courtly fray,
'Neath bright eyes proudly riding.
March to the lists, &c.

Good-by.

I can bid you good morning, good day, or good night,
At expense of perhaps one faint sigh,
Since I know a few hours will renew my de-
light;—

But, oh! when I bid you good-by—

My tongue becomes dull, and my heart becomes chill,
And warm tears shut out light from each eye;
My soul feels forebodings of deadliest ill,
When I try, love, to bid you good-by.

Then send me not from you, love, do let me stay,
For I can't speak the word if I try;
Morn and eve I will wish you good night and good
day,
But I can't nor I won't say good-by!

My Beautiful Jean.

By J. J. WILLSON.

Slow broke the morn o'er the eastern hills glintin'
'White o'er the linns fell the foam o' the burn,
The lav'rock and mavis their carols were chantin',
When lanely I wander'd my sorrow to mourn.

Sweet bloom'd the heather among the green buckan,
 Dew-deck'd the gowan and daisy were seen ;
 But a flow'ret I miss'd there, the queen too I reckon,
 Of a' bonnie blossoms, my beautiful Jean.

For Jeanie had fallen as droops the fair lily,
 Or mild blushing rose 'neath the deluging rain ;
 For Jeanie had fallen, the sweet maid of Killie,
 In trusting to many and doubting of ane.

Sing on, thou blithe lav'rock, thy song to the mornin',
 The tears of remembrance shall flow frae my e'en,
 Bloom on, ye wild flowers, the breckan adornin',
 Ye'll mind me in sorrow of beautiful Jean.

Sandy o'er the Lea.

AIR—"Comin' thro' the rye."

I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lea ;
 I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lea :
 I winna hae the dominee, for guid he canna be,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lea,
 For he's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing me :
 He's ay a-kissing, kissing, ay a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for all his godly looks:
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks ;
 I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, without a penny sil-
 ler.

For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war,
 I winna hae the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar :
 I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle gear,
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the muir.

For he's ay a-kissing, &c.

The Kiss,

By LORD BYRON.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.
The parting glance that fondly gleams,
An equal love may see,
The tear that from the eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.
The kiss, &c.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or wo,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.
The kiss, &c.

The World's Deceit.

By A. BROOKE.

'Tis said the joys which childhood knows, no future
age can bring,
For every path is strewed with flowers, when life is
in its spring:
And fondly men regret the days, they ne'er again
shall see—
But I can scarce regret their loss, they never bloom-
ed for me!
When youth the flattering spell receives, of love
from woman's heart,
He cannot, will not, think how soon, those rainbow
dreams depart.

It is indeed a fairer show, that steals away the
mind—

But oh! to lift the veil and see, the hollowness behind!

Around the sons of wealth and pow'r, some glitter-
ing phantoms play :

Are these the friends to soothe in age—to cherish
in decay ?

No ! when the star of fortune sets, their faithless
hearts recoil,

They leave the wretch, alone to weep, or revel in
his spoil !

Thus man must still repose upon some visionary stay,
Entwine his spirit round a shade,—and feel it shrink
away :

But when, from every earthly joy, the fainting soul
is riven,

In mercy spare the thread, on which he hangs his
hopes of heaven.

The Chough and Crow.

A CELEBRATED GIPSY GLEE.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,

The owl sits on the tree,

The hushed wind wails, with feeble moan,

Like infant charity.

The wild fire dances on the fen,

The red star sheds its ray,

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,

It is our op'ning day.

Chorus.—Uprouse ye, then, my merry men, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,

And closed is every flower,

And winking tapers faintly peep

High from my lady's bower ;

**Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
Shrink on their murky way ;
Uprise ye, then, my merry men,
It is our op'ning day.
Uprise ye, then, &c.**

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof, nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store ;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as you may.
Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Kitty of Coleraine.

IRISH MELODY.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me, she stumbl'd, the pitcher it
tumbld,
And all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain.
Oh, what shall I do now ? 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again ;
'Twas the pride of my dairy, O, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain,
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasures she'd break it again.
'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune will never come single 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

To the setting Moon.

AIR—'Fly not yet.'

Fly not yet, thou radiant Moon,
Nor sink on Thetis' lap so soon;
Those rays that light those western skies
Still conjure up the magic ties
 Of love's endearing chain :
Ties that defy e'en hoary time,
Or change of scene, or change of clime,
While round this heart, with truth still glowing,
Nature's purple tide is flowing ;
 Oh ! stay—Oh ! stay—
Nor let the web thy beams have wove
In mem'ry's loom for her I love,
 So soon be rent in twain.

Thy silver orb recalls the hour,
When, at her touch, soft music's power
Through every sense transported stole,
And o'er her song my captive soul
 In silent wonder hung :
For such th' enchantment of her strain,
That bliss itself thrilled high with pain ;
But, as I fled those maddening pleasures,
Soft she sighed, in Lydian measures,
 Oh ! stay—Oh ! stay—
The hours that glide on rapid wing
Such dear delights so seldom bring ;
 Then fly not yet so soon !

'Fly not yet'—What spell divine
Breathes o'er the cadence of that line,
When trembling on her angel tongue,
In dulcet notes, like those which sung
 Creation's dawning day !
E'en here, amid the holier balm
Or Grecian skies in midnight calm,

While mortal sounds are sunk in slumbers,
Her sigh still breathes those melting numbers—

Oh ! stay—Oh ! stay—

And thus, sweet Moon, thy setting light
Prolongs the dream that hangs to-night

On that remembered lay.

Oh ! think not I am false,

By J. G. KING.

Oh ! think not I am false as air,
Which perhaps a moment changes ;

Oh ! think not I love dark or fair,
Just as my fancy ranges.

For the love which in my bosom glows,
I swear can wander never ;

Within mine heart thy image grows,
And there shall grow forever.

Oh ! think not I am idly caught,
By ev'ry passing beauty ;

Oh ! think not I can e'er be taught,
To swerve, love, from my duty.

Thy beauteous smiles have won my heart,
I adore thee, though we sever ;

I swear, dear girl, although apart,
That I will love thee ever.

The Poet's last Song.

The muse of song has long forsaken,
This breast by sorrow worn,

Her flight to happier bosoms taken,
That know not yet to mourn.

Yet haply, there may linger still,
Faint traces of her earlier skill !

For thee, for thee, Maria !

Thou'rt young ! oh ! would that youth unfading
Might aye beam from thine eye,
Nor years, with care, thy bright brow shading,
Teach thee what 'tis to sigh :
Alas ! I feel the fond hope vain,
And check the too delusive strain,
For thee, for thee, Maria !

But why, the songster's art mistaking,
Who loves with joy to dwell,
Touch I upon a theme awaking
The thoughts I would dispel ?
Nay cease, nay cease, thou gloomy pen !
Grief shall not taint its strains again,
For thee, for thee, Maria !

In vain I try, no chord responding,
Will yield a voice of mirth,
And I resign all hope, desponding,
To those of kindlier birth.
Yet there are lighter breasts, that will
Pour forth the song with happier skill,
For thee, for thee, Maria !

The Evening Star.

By B. CORNWALL.

The Evening Star, the lover's star,
The beautiful star comes hither !
He steereth his bark
Through the azure dark,
And brings us the bright blue weather, love !
The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb when the night stars come,
And silence broods o'er the covers ;
But a voice now wakes
In the thorny brakes,

An ! singeth a song for lovers,—Love !
A sad sweet song for lovers !

It singeth a song, of grief and wrong,
A passionate song for others ;
Yet its own sweet pain
Can never be vain,
If it 'wakeneth love in others,—Love !
It 'wakeneth love in others.

Angler's Duet.

By Miss SCOTT.

Anxious by the gliding stream,
See the steady anglers watch ;
Trying ev'ry wily scheme,
The heedless finny tribe to catch
Hush ! hush !

I've a nibble ! Not a breath.

Strike ! strike ! Still as death.

Play it, play it. Now take heed.

Zounds ! 't is a weed. Pshaw ! 't is a weed.

Still with patience, on the shore,
They clear the line, and try once more,
And thus they toil from morn till night,
But then they get—

Get what !

A bite.

O ! the joys of angling ; O ! the joys of angling.

Now the drizzling rains descend,
Now the shelt'ring tree they court,

Still their watchful looks they bend ;
 Rain and clouds ensure them sport.
Hush ! hush !

There's a bite !
 We shall have rare sport to night ;
 How it tugs !

It's a pike.
 Play him, play dim.

He weakens.

Strike !

But ere they get it to the shore,
 He snaps the line, they're balk'd once more ;
 Then home they go, the tale is told,
 That they have caught—

Caught what ?

A cold !

O ! the joys of angling ; O ! the joys of angling.

Mermaid's Song.

Follow, follow through the sea,
 To the mermaid's melody :
 Safely, freely shalt thou range,
 Through things dreadful, quaint, and strange,
 And through liquid walls behold
 Wonders that may not be told,
 Treasures too for ages lost,
 Gems surpassing human cost,
 Fearless, follow, follow me,
 Through the treasures of the sea.

Faults of the Fair.

The faults of the fair sex are trifling and few,
 And of these will I make no selection ;
 All, all are so gentle, so good, and so true,
 They deserve man's best gift—his affection.

Alone here without them, deserted indeed
Should we feel, and be lost in dejection ;
As the sun to the earth, so to man is decreed,
To be blest with dear woman's affection.

O ! give me but this, not a wish have I left,
Unfulfill'd not a painful reflection ;
'Tis my pray'r, that in this world I ne'er be bereft
Of that blessing—dear woman's affection.

The Fairies' Song.

A TRIO.

Within this shelter'd mossy dell,
From mortal ken, we fairies dwell,
When the garish eye of day
Beams abroad its golden ray.

Light dancing on the daisied ground,
Our wanton rings we trace around,
When the moon, with paly light,
Gems the modest brow of night.

Around the mushroom's tawny breast,
'Tis there we hold our elfin feast ;
Honey'd stores of saffron hue.
Acorn cups of nectar'd dew.

O sweetly thus our moments fly,
Till soon the rosy dawn we spy ;
Then to taste the balmy sleep
In purple bells we softly creep.

I see them on their winding way.

By Bishop HEBER.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play ;
Their lofty deeds, and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory ;

And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light.
They're lost and gone—the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The march is rising o'er the hill.

I see them, &c. &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—they come, they come;
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their soften'd chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,
And clashing horn—they come, they come.

I see them, &c. &c.

To sigh yet feel no pain.

To sigh yet feel no pain,
To weep yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;
This is love—careless love—
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love in wintry age the same
That first in youth we lov'd;

To feel that we adore
To such refin'd excess,
That though the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less* ;
This is love—faithful love,—
Such as saints might feel above !

Mary, list, awake !

Mary, dear Mary, list, awake !
And now like the moon thy slumbers break.
There is not a taper, and scarcely a sound,
To be seen, or heard in the cottages round,
The watch-dog is silent, thy father sleeps,
And love, like the breeze, to thy window creeps.
The moonlight seems list'ning all over the land,
To the whispers of angels like thee ;
O lift, but a moment, the sash with thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me,
My love, Mary !
Kiss but that hand to me !

Gently awake, and gently arise !
Oh, for a kiss to unclothe thine eyes ;
The vapor of sleep should fly softly the while,
As the breath on thy looking-glass breaks at thy smile!
And then I would whisper thee never to fear,
For Heaven is all round thee when true love is near.
Just under the woodbine, dear Mary, I stand,
Still looking and list'ning for thee ;
O lift, but a moment, the sash with thy hand,
And kiss but that hand to me,
My love, Mary !
Kiss but that hand to me !

Hark !—do I hear thee ?—Yes, 'tis thou,
And now there's thy hand, and I see thee now ;

Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal stream,
 For thy face, love, is bathed in the moonlight gleam!
 And, oh! could my kisses like stream-circles rise,
 To dip in thy dimples and spread round thine eyes!
 How sweet to be lost in a night such as this,

In the arms of an angel like thee!

Nay, stay but a moment—one moment of bliss,
 And smile but forgiveness to me,

My love, Mary!

Smile but forgiveness to me.

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs,
 Thy voice just comes on the soft air and dies.
 Dost thou gaze on the moon? I have gazed as I rove,
 Till I thought it has breathed heaven's blessing on
 love;

Till I've stretched out my arms, and my tears have begun,

And nature, and heaven, and thou, seemed but one.
 Fare thee well, sweetest Mary, the moon's in the west,

And the leaves shine with tear-drops like thee;
 So draw in thy charms, and betake thee to rest,

O, thou, dearer than life to me,

My love, Mary!

Thou dearer than life to me.

Tell me, are ye sleepin', Maggie!

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

Tell me, are ye sleepin', Maggie?

Tell me, are ye sleepin', Maggie?

Let me in, for loud the linn

Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night,

No a starn in a' the carie,

Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,

And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Tell me, &c.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.
Tell me, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rise your waukrife daddy;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;
O rise, rise my bonny lady.
Tell me, &c.

She op't the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;
'Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.'

I'll be a Bachelor—never.

Air—"A Highland laddie heard of war."

The night was dark, the winds blew loud,
My fire by fits was blinking;
Says I I'm almost forty-five,
And what have I been thinking.
Then shall I wed, or shall I not,
Shall I be lonely ever;
And spurn great nature's noblest law?
I'll be a bachelor—never.

A bachelor! such a useless thing,
The world is not possessing;
None shares the blank within his heart,
To none he is a blessing.
If he has wealth some wish him dead,
If poor he's shun'd forever;
Ev'n riches cannot purchase bliss,
I'll be a bachelor—never.

But O! it's unco sair to bear,
When dark misfortune's hovering near,
The purse proud look, the haughty sneer:
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

'Tis then our sunshine friends grow cool,
An' fin' at length you were a fool,
But what o' that ye just maun snool:
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Then brithers try the villain's part,
An' tear the bleeding broken heart,
Nor grieve to see the tear-drop start:
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

The man o' wealth we've seen to day,
In a' his glory proudly gay,
The morn has seen him pass away:
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

I care na for mysel ava,
But I hae barnies three an' twa,
Wha aye were unco snood an' braw;
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

They hae a mother unco kind,
I hae a wife to my mind,
So I maun just some comfort find:
An' whistle o'er the lave o't.

The little Mountaineer.

As sung by FOOTE.

Good morrow to the morning new,
The fields and flow'rets bright with dew!
Good morrow, shepherd lads, to you,
Good morrow, maidens dear!

S

Good morrow to our holiday,
And all who list my tuneful lay,
Or join upon her merry way
Your little Mountaineer !

Lal de ra, &c.

Look down on yonder valley, where
The lifted garlands scent the air ;
And busy dames the feast prepare,
With all its joyous cheer.
Good morrow, stranger, kind and fair !
Would you with us the revel share,
With hearty welcome follow there
Your little Mountaineer.

Lal de ra, &c.

For there, with dance and bridal song,
'Tis mine to lead the jocund throng,
Where Carl, the hunter, blithe and young,
Receives his Lena dear.
Oh, happy, happy, may they be,
Who knows what fate may next decree !
Perhaps ere long a chance for me,
Your little Mountaineer.

Lal de ra, &c.

The Banner of Blue.

As sung by Madame VESTRIS.

Strike up ! strike up ! strike up ! Scottish minstrels so
gay,

Tell of Wallace, that brave warlike man ;
Sing also of Bruce—your banners display,
While each chief leads on his bold clan.

Here's success, Caledonia, to thee,

To the sons of the thistle so true,

Then march ! gaily march ! so cantie and free,
There's none like the banners so blue.

March on! march on! march on! to the brazen
trumpet's sound,

How quickly in battle, in battle array;
Each brave Highland chief assembles his men,

And they march to the bagpipes so gay,
Here's success, Caledonia, to thee,

To the sons of the thistle so true;
Then march! gaily march! so cantie and free,
There's none like the banners so blue.

As Mither an' I.

As mither an' I sat spinning ae day,
Young Donald cam' owre the lea;
Now what could I do, or what could I say,
For I kent he cam' courting o' me.

Now minnie had always been telling o' me
To scornfully treat the young laddie;
But wha could resist his paukie black e'e,
Not I nor the wealthiest lady.

'Twas simmer, an' nature hersel' was a' gay,
An' Donald I kent was leal;
He gied me his han', and bid me away,
Whiles minnie she slept at her wheel.

The birdies were warbling their simmer notes
sweet,
As lightly we tripp'd owre the lea,
An' scarcely a gowan fell 'neath the feet
O' gallant young Donald an' me.

An' when frae her sleep awoke the auld dame,
I ween she was sairly affrighted;
But never again we returned to her hame
Till Donald an' I were united.

The star spangled Banner.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleam-
ing?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly stream-
ing;

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.

Oh! say, does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
Where the foes's haughty host in dread silence reposes;

What is that which the breeze, o'er the low'ring steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

'Tis the star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more?
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save, the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heaven rescued
land,

Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust ;
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Hail Columbia.

Hail Columbia, happy land,
Hail ye patriots, heaven-born band,
Who independence first proclaim'd,
Who independence first proclaim'd.
Immortal be that glorious day,
When first we cast our chains away.
Let independence be our toast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies.
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty ;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

All party toasts we here disclaim,
Which, joined with wine, the soul inflame ;
And prove the source of civil broils,
And prove the source of civil broils.
Let us this day that made us free,
Devote to sacred harmony.
So rapidly our states increase,
Cherish'd by freedom, nurs'd in peace,
If bumpers to each state we take,
Uproar might all our country shake.
Firm united, &c.

Yet one to him, we'll grateful give,
Who in our hearts must ever live ;
Whose glorious name inscribes above,
Whose glorious name inscribes above.
Who such a noble race has run ?
Who so rever'd as WASHINGTON ?
Then, let us independence boast,
Ne'er forgetting what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies.

Firm united, &c.

Let us despise all party zeal,
Let us but one attachment feel :
Our country's love alone prevail,
Our country's love alone prevail.
Discord avaunt ! we scorn your arts ;
No jealous doubts disturb our hearts.
For kings and queens while Europe fights,
Friendship and peace be our delight.
The nation's voice is in our laws,
The nation's will is freedom's cause.

Firm united, &c.

Comin' thro' the Rye.

If a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry ;
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, none they say ha'e I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, when comin' thro'
the rye.

If a body meet a body, comin' fra' the town,
If a body greet a body, need a body frown ;
Ev'ry lassie has her, &c.

Among the train there is a swain, I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I dinna
choose to tell.

Ev'ry lassie has her, &c.

The poor Orphan Maid.

Tho' early misfortunes my lot has attended,
And sorrow has claimed me her favorite child,
Yet the woes of another I still have befriended,
'Twas then for a moment my woes were beguiled;
For each tear that was chang'd to a smile by my aid,
Gave joy to my heart tho' a poor orphan maid.

When in childhood's past day I saw destiny frown-
ing,
While hope would forsake as each prospect drew
nigh,
I caught at each leaf like the wretch who is drowning,
Yet others I saved not so friendless as I;
And each tear that was changed to a smile by my
aid,
Gave joy to my heart, tho' a poor orphan maid.

From experience like mine you this lesson may bor-
row,
Ne'er sink unresisting the victim of grief,
But soothe a friend's care, 'tis the best balm for sor-
row,
And comforting others you'll meet with relief;
Thus each tear that was changed to a smile by my aid,
Cheer'd my heart tho' a little poor orphan maid.

Bright Hours in Store.

Why should we, the days of our boyhood bewailing,
Neglect all the pleasures that lie in our way?
These sad recollections are sure unavailing,
The present then let us enjoy while we may;
Ne'er regretting the past, no, nor fearing to-morrow,
We'll merrily meet ev'ry care to forget;
Then join the gay chorus, and, banishing sorrow,
Believe that bright hours are in store for us yet.

But sudden misfortune may sometimes confound us,

And musing on days that are gone force a tear ;

Ah ! then the lov'd playmates of youth were around us :

To cheer us in sorrow they still may be near,

While each holiday pastime in fancy pursuing ;

Oh ! then in their smile ev'ry care we'll forget,

And join the gay chorus, the pleasure renewing,

Of light frolic days when in childhood we met.

The joys of our youth should be laid up as treasures,

Which mem'ry may often recall to our view ;

And each happy hour which is now wing'd with pleasures,

We'll one day delighted in fancy renew.

Thus enjoyment from days that are gone we may borrow,

Though soften'd it be by a shade of regret ;

Then join the gay chorus, and banishing sorrow,

Believe that bright hours are in store for us yet.

Ah why did I gather.

Ah ! why did I gather this delicate flower,

Why pluck the young bud from the tree ?

'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,

And how soon will it perish with me !

Already its beautiful texture decays,

Already it fades on my sight ;

'Tis thus that chill rancor too often o'erpowers

The moments of transient delight.

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,

Its blossoms we gather in haste ;

How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear,

O'er the joys which we lavish'd in waste :

This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,

Might still have delighted my eyes ;

But pluck'd prematurely, and placed in my breast,

It languishes, withers, and dies.

Ae fond Kiss.

By BURNS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas ! forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;—
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy :
But to see her, was to love her ;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted !

Fare thee well, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas ! forever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

A Linnet sat lone in a Bush.

As sung by MADAME VESTRIS.

A linnet sat lone in a bush—
An unmarried linnet was she ;
To woo her there came a young thrush—
A bachelor thrush too was he.

La lira, &c.

The bulfinches, blackbirds, and larks,
As friends to both parties, flew round,
And eagerly chirp'd their remarks
In what bliss such a match must abound.
La lira, &c.

Quoth the circle, 'you ne'er can object
The thrush must be surely your choice—
He's the husband our wisdoms elect,
All your family give him their voice.'
La lira, &c.

The linnet replied, in sly tone,
'Let the thrush take the voice of my friends,
I'll keep for another my own.'
My song, with it's moral, here ends,
La lira, &c.

The Golden Girl.

Lucy is a golden girl,
But a man, a man should woo her;
They who seek her, shrink aback,
When they should, like storms, pursue her.
All her smiles are hid in light,
All her hair is lost in splendor,
But she hath the eyes of night,
And a heart that's over tender.
Oh! Lucy is, &c.

Yet the foolish suitors fly,
(Is't excess of dread or duty?)
From the starlight of her eye,
Leaving to neglect her beauty:
Men by fifty seasons taught,
Leave her to a young beginner,
Who without a second thought,
Whispers, woos, and straight must win her.
Oh! Lucy is, &c.

Awake the Harp's Slumber.

Awake the harp's slumber to pleasure's soft lay,
The taper shall dart its beams thro' the hall;
From the tempest of war, and the battle's loud bray,
We'll dearly obey mirth's heart-thrilling call.
Ah! change the light strain, bid the sorrow arise,
To the ghost of each warrior, as pensive it flies;
To triumph or death,
They strode o'er the heath,
And sweet is the sleep that encircles their eyes.

On the breast of the brave melting beauty shall cling,
And nobly for him the goblet be crown'd;
The feast shall be spread, and the harp's throbbing
string
Shall stream to his praise its magic around.
Oh! blest is the effort, and light is the toil,
When we raise the bright spear for our dear na-
tive soil;
To triumph or death,
We strode o'er the heath,
To fight for our country, or die with a smile.

A weary Lot is thine.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine;
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you know,
My love!
No more of you know.

This morning, merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain,
But she shall bloom in winter's snow,
Ere we two meet again.
He turned his charger, as he spake,
Upon the river shore ;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, ' adieu, for ever more,
My love
Adieu, forever more.'

The Highland Widow.

Oh ! leave me not, my only one,
Life hath few charms for me,
And wouldst thou sever that, my son,
Which binds my heart to thee :
Leave not the mountains and the heath,
Thy father used to rove,
Free as the winds whose mighty breath,
Roam o'er the land we love.

Unlike a tree whose root still clings,
Where first its branches grew,
If thou wilt leave me, still thy home
Shall be my dwelling too :
Yet, as I take a ling'ring look
Of scenes thy father lov'd,
I feel I cannot leave the home,
O'er which his footsteps rov'd.

Her Heart is not there.

There is no music on the strings
Of her neglected lute,
Her white hands wake no more its chords,
Her bird-like voice is mute.

She wreaths no garlands for her vase,
No roses for her hair;
She loiters in her lonely grove,
But her heart is not there.

The dancers gather in the hall,
She is amid the band,
With vacant smile and wand'ring glance,
For those who claim her hand.
Her eyes fill'd with unbidden tears,
Her cheek is pale with care;
She's lonely 'mid the festival,
For her heart is not there.

She broods above her own dear thoughts,
As o'er her nest the dove,
While hope and mem'ry's but one dream,
Her first young dream of love.
She hears a gallant trumpet sound,
A banner sweeps the air,
She sees a knight lead on the charge,
And oh, her heart was there!

If silent Looks betoken.

If silent looks betoken,
Our deeper feelings best,
If thoughts which are not spoken,
Are but more sweetly guess'd,
Thou knowest mine already,
While gazing on my brow,
I grieve not, dearest lady,
That language fails me now.

But that hope may not borrow,
The bright hue of thine eyes,
To light love's world of sorrow
With a ray of paradise.

Why could I not have met thee,
Ere love was so forbidden ?
Why may I not forget thee,
Since my memory e'en is chidden ?

Thro' the night-time long and lonely,
My sleepless thoughts are thine,
I weep, to fancy only,
What bliss might have been mine ;
Oh ! the spirit unforgiven,
No keener pangs hath known,
When gazing on the heaven
It ne'er may call its own.

In happier Hours.

By T. H. BAILEY.

In happier hours, my pleasure all day
Was to rove with the thoughtless, or dance with the
gay ;

Through life as I sported, no clouds could I see,
And the hearts that were gayest, were dearest to me.
But now, in affliction, how changed is the view,
The gay hearts are many—sincere ones are few.

Though some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test ;
Their love and their friendship endure for awhile,
When fortune is smiling, they also can smile ;
Like blossoms that wither when day-light is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

But thou, in my sorrow, still faithfully came,
And though I am altered, I find you the same ;
Whene'er you come near me no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind.
Like the night-blowing seris, which sheds its perfume
And opens its blossoms midst darkness and gloom.

Annot Lyle.

The snow white plume her bonnet bore,
Wav'd not more pure and fair ;
Her sparkling eye, a floating gem—
Like gold, her auburn hair.
The rose bud slumbering on its bed,
Ne'er wak'd a sweeter smile,
But now she's gone ! and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle !

Thy fairy form I oft have seen ;
On every passing breeze
Have heard the melody of song,
But, ah ! no strains like these,
The thrilling tones that form thy harp
The feelings oft beguile ;
But now thou'rt gone, and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle !

Although thy heart's another's now,
And beats no more for me,
Yet I will teach my soul to pray,
That it may pray for thee.
This bursting heart alone can feel
The absence of thy smile ;
Since thou art gone and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle !

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear I'll dearly rue ;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul, I wistna how ;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

Loch-na-garr.

By LORD BYRON.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah ! there my young footings in infancy wander'd ;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland dale.
Round Loch-na-garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car :
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ill-starr'd, through brave, did no vision foreboding,
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause !
Ah ! were you designed to die at Culloden,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.
Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,
The pibroch resounds to the piper's bold number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-garr.
Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again,
Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you ;
Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.
England, thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has roam'd on the mountains afar,
O, for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr.

Native Land.

By MARY ANN BROWNE.

They bore him from his barren shore,
The country of his birth ;
From leafless wastes and icefields hoar,
And all most loved on earth.
They asked him but to leave his tribe,
And then he should command
Riches and wealth—and for that bribe
He left his native land.
They showed him sunny islands spread
Beneath unclouded skies,
Where orange groves hung overhead,
And glance the bright fire-flies :
They carried him to beauteous bowers,
By fragrant breezes fann'd :
What car'd he for their trees and flowers ?
'Twas not his native land !

On through the waters flew the bark,
And Albion's white cliffs rose ;
He would have been more glad to mark
The glare of his own snows.
And many a blithe and joyous sound
Came from the crowded strand ;
But coldly glanced his eye around,—
'Twas not his native land !

Strangers were kind to him, and tried,
Vainly, to make him blest ;
But all their efforts he defied—
His bosom knew no rest.
He saw a mother fondly kiss
The infant in her hand,
And anguish wrung his heart, for his
Was in his native land.

There is an innate feeling clings
Around our human clay ;
A fondness for familiar things,
That will not wear away :
But oft consumes the heart it keeps
Turned in its deathless band ;
Even so was his, and now he sleeps
Far from his native land.

Adieu my Native Land.

Adieu, my native land, adieu !
The vessel spreads her swelling sails,
Perhaps I never more may view
Your fertile fields, your flowery dales ;
Delusive hope can charm no more,
Far from the faithless maid I roam,
Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
Unpitied leave my peaceful home !
Adieu, my native land, &c.

Farewell, dear village, oh ! farewell,
Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,
I hear thy solemn evening bell,
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes ;
Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,
I scorn to shrink at Fate's decree,
And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

Adieu, my native land, &c.

In vain, through shades of frowning night,
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore,
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
I view thy beacons now no more,
Rise, billows, rise ! blow, hollow wind !
(For night, nor storms, nor death, I fear,)
Be friendly, bear me hence to find
That peace which fate denies me here.
Adieu, my native land, &c.

And ye shall walk in Silk Attire.

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller have to spare ;
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think on Donald mair."
Oh ! who would buy a silken gown,
With a poor broken heart ?
And what's to me a siller crown,
If from my love I part ?
I would na' walk in silk attire,
Nor braid wi' gems my hair ;
Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine,
Were wrang'd and grieving sair.
From infancy he lov'd me still,
And still my heart shall prove,
How weel it can those vows fulfil
Which first repaid his love.

My Sister dear.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,
Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,
When those mute looks have told the feeling,
Heav'n denied thy tongue to speak ;
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

And now, alas ! I weep alone,
By thee, my youth's dear friend, forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown ;
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

Bonaparte's Farewell.

By LORD BYRON.

Farewell to the land, where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name,
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of Conquest allur'd me too far,
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war !

Farewell to thee, France—when thy diadem crown'd
me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were
won,—

Then the eagle whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fixed on Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France—but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet grows in the depth of thy valleys,
Though withered, thy tears will unfold it again.
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that
has bound us;
Then turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice!

Butterfly, Moth and Bee.

BUTTERFLY.

Lovely Moth and busy Bee,
Come away and taste with me
The pleasures of variety,
Forever ranging;
'Tis sweet on buoyant air to move,
O'er garden, valley, field, and grove,
To flirt, to trifle, and to rove,
Forever changing.

MOTH.

Butterfly and busy Bee
By yon bright blaze go sport with me,
Feel its warmth, its splendor see,
Near it gently playing;
Mark its rays as round we go,
We need not *touch* the flame, you know,
At pleasure's call our bosoms glow,
Haste her call obeying.

BEE.

Butterfly and Moth so fair,
Silly, idle, thoughtless pair,

Stay and know the deepest share
Assumes the form of pleasure;
Some daily duty seek, like me,
For ah! be sure that industry
To every one alike, will be
A safeguard and a treasure.

MORAL.

See, ah, see, yon cruel boy,
The gaudy Butterfly destroy,
And victim to delusive joy,
The Moth expires in flame;
The Bee, still cheerful, busy, gay,
Renews its toil from day to day,
'Tis industry that points the way
To virtue and to fame.

Merrily bounds the Bark.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale;
The mountain breeze from Bianadarch
Is joyous in her sail.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
O'er the broad ocean driven;
Her path by Ronin's mountain dark,
The steersman's hand has given

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So flies the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

The Phantom Ship.

'Twas midnight dark,
The seaman's bark
Swift o'er the waters bore him;
When, through the night,
He spied a light,
Shoot o'er the wave before him.
"A sail! a sail!" he cries,
"She comes from the Indian shore;
And to-night shall be our prize,
With her freight of golden ore."
Sail on, sail on,—
When morning shone,
He saw the gold still clearer;
But tho' so fast,
The waves he pass'd,
That boat seem'd never the nearer.
Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize,
His wishful eyes,
Like any young lover's doted.
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the wave o'er-tops the mast,
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon thro' heaven did hie her;
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem'd never the nigher.
And many a day,
To night gave way,

And many a morn succeeded,
While still his flight,
Thro' day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas,
He is now careering o'er ?
Behind the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark before !
For, oh ! till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee,
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

The Bride.

Oh ! take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow,
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now ;
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart ;
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only death can part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasur'd scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears ;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
Its good and ill to share,

And well I know 'twill be her pride,
To soothe each sorrow there ;
Then take her, and may fleeting time,
Mark only Joy's increase,
And may your days glide sweetly on,
In happiness and peace.

Nothing at all.

In Derry down dale when I wanted a mate
I went with my daddy, a courting of Kate,
With my nosegáy so fine, in my holy-day clothes,
My hands in my pockets a courting I goes.
The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot,
My heart in a gallop—my mare in a trot—
Now I was so bashful so loving withal,
My tongue stuck to my mouth, and I said

Nothing at all.

When I came to the house, I look'd bashful and grum,
The knocker I held 'twixt my finger and thumb,
Rap went the knocker, Kate show'd her chin,
She chuckled and buckled, I bow'd and went in.
Now I was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me ;
So I laugh'd, and I grinn'd, and I let my hat fall,
Giggled, scratched my head, and said

Nothing at all.

If bashful was I, the more bashful the maid,
She simper'd and sigh'd, with her apron strings play'd ;
The old folks impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that my Kitty and I should be one.
So, then we young ones both nodded consent,
Then hand in hand to get married we went,
When we answered the parson, in voices so small,
You scarce could have heard us, say

Nothing at all.

But mark what a change in the course of a week,
My Kate left off blushing, I boldly could speak—
Could play with my Kitty, and laugh at a jest,
And Kate could talk, ay too, as well as the best.
And talk'd of past follies, we oft have declar'd
To encourage young folks, who at wedlock are scar'd,
For if to your aid some assurance you call,
You may kiss and get married, and it's

Nothing at all.

Can I again that Look recall.

Can I again that look recall,
Which once could make me die for thee ?
No, no, the eye that burns on all,
Shall never more be priz'd by me.

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in joy recline ?
No, no—the lip that all may press—
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

The Swiss Maid.

Come haste thee, come haste thee, my bonnie Swiss
maid,
Take thy cloak, and to church let's away ;
The plighted love, I claim so true,
For true's my love, sincere to you,
Then haste thee, come haste thee, my bonnie Swiss
maid,
Take thy cloak and to church let's away.

Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid ?
Now bless'd with my own true love ;
My shepherd swain, to welcome home,
And hail with joy each night's return,
Am not I, am not I, a happy Swiss maid,
Now bless'd with my own true love ?

Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy Swiss maid,
In her cot, with contentment and peace,
There's nought disturbs, devoid of care,
Her rest is sweet, she knows no fear,
Then 'good night,' and 'good night,' goes the happy
Swiss maid,
In her cot, to her slumbers in peace.

Behave yoursel' before Folk.

AIR—"Good morrow to your night-cap."

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.
It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, gudesake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, loosh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teas'd before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,

Behave yoursel' before folk ;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet, it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Behave yoursel' before folk,
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To prye their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely not before folk.

But, gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And when we're ane, bath flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

The Maid of Castile.

Oh! remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flow'r of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you:
When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
And to dance to the light Castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Ev'ry hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love!

The mild Segar.

Oh, leave the noisy, smoky scene,
The streets of glaring light,
And take a stroll to Turnham-green,
And we'll return at night.
Then as we watch the stages pass,
And hear their wheels afar;
Of grog we'll take a cheerful glass,
And smoke a mild segar.
I'll tell you how a maiden swooned,
And made a devilish din;
Her bottle fell upon the ground,
Was broke, and spill'd her gin.
I'll tell thee how a crowd drew nigh,
Who heard her screams afar;
And if my tale should prove too dry,
Why take a glass with your segar.

Maid of Llanwellyn.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me awake ;
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Thread bare is my coat, and my hoseen are torn ;
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the tavern still claims the great chair ;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The young Rose.

The young Rose which I give thee, so dewy and
bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh ! take thou this young Rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee !
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

Keep your Tears for me.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Tho' still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine.
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
O then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free ;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
 Can smile with many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But when some deep-felt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh ! then the smile is warm'd away,
 And melting turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free,
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

No ! No !

The celebrated duet sung by Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Rowbotham.

He.—Will you not bless, with one sentence, a lover,
 Whose bosom beats only for you ;
 The cause of your anger, I prythee discover,
 Pray tell me the reason for ?

She. No !

He.—Say, dearest, you still love me ?

She. No !

He.—Oh, how can you doom me to sorrow,
 Yet once again bless me with——

She. No !

He.—And promise to meet me to-morrow,
 Promise——

She. No !

He.—Prythee——

She. No !

He.—Don't say, no !

He.—Must we, then, dearest Maria, sever,
And can you then part with me ?

She. No !

He.—Then swear by yon sun, to be mine only ever,
You cannot refuse me, love !

She. No !

He.—You hate not your fond lover ?

She. No !

He.—Your hand to my faithful heart pressing,
Say, does it offend you, love ?

She. No !

He.—Then, to marry will not be distressing,
Answer !

She. No !

He.—Once more

She. No ! no ! no ! no !

When cold in the Earth.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast
loved,

Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,

Weep o'er them in silence and close it again ;
And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far

From the pathways of light he was tempted to
roam,

Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came

The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.

O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

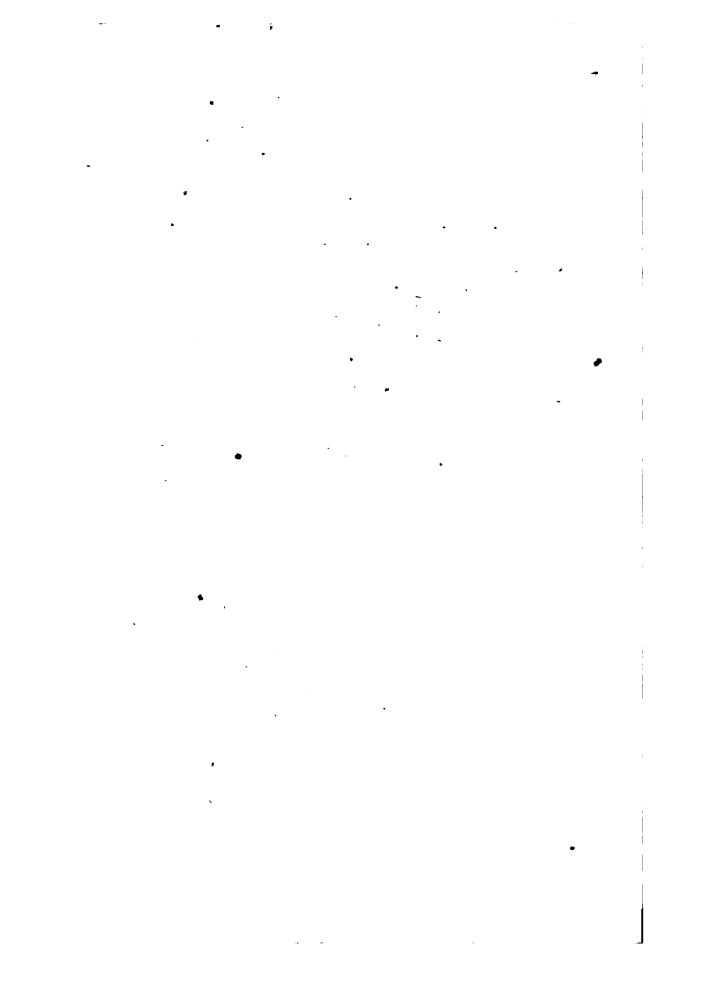
And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

When the Rose-bud.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beauty bestowing
On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall pour,
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be
glowing,
Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile lov'd
to cherish,
In my bosom shall die, and its splendor be o'er,
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall
perish,
Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.





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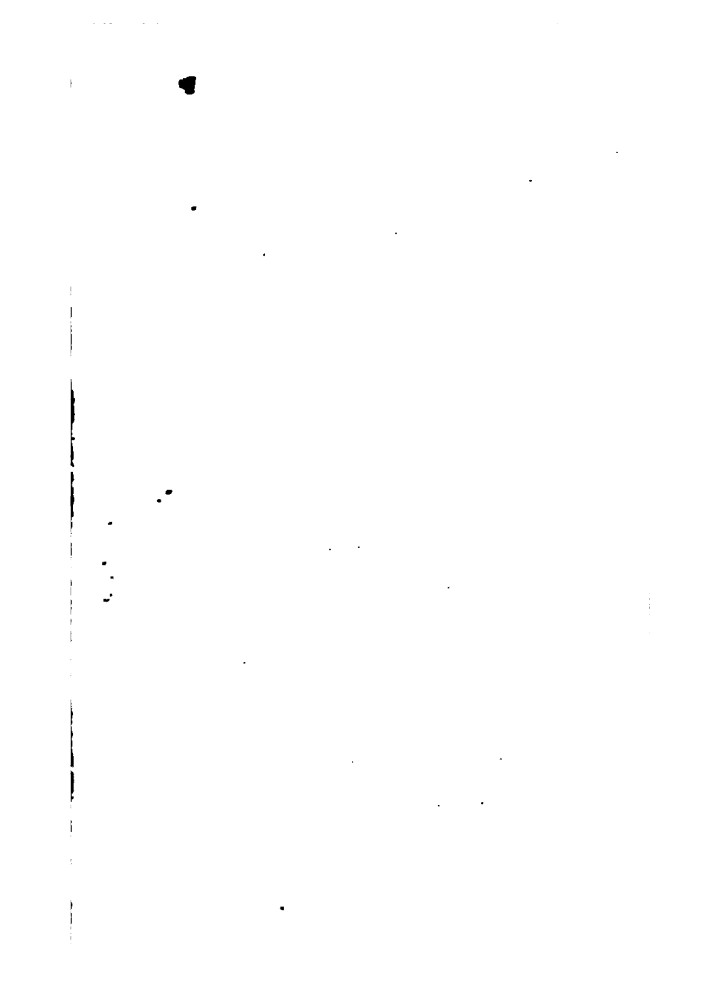
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